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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

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CHAPTER XIX.

SAMUEL BURTON GOES INTO THE LICENSED VICUALLING LINE.

As Samuel Burton came, hat in hand, with bent and cringing body, into George Hillyar's office in the barracks at Palmerston, George Hillyar turned his chair round towards him; and when the door was shut behind him, and the trooper's footfall had died away, he still sat looking firmly at him, without speaking.

George could not *turn* pale, for he was always pale; he could not look anxious, for he had always a worn look about his eyes. He merely sat and stared steadily at the bowing convict, with a look of inquiry in his face. The convict spoke first:

"I have not seen your honour for many years."

"Not for many years," said George Hillyar.

"I have been in trouble since I had the pleasure of seeing your honour."

"So I understand, Samuel," said George.

"Thank you, Master George, for that kind expression. You have not forgot me. Thank you, sir."

"You and I are not likely to forget one another, are we?" said George Hillyar.

"I have noticed," said the convict, "in a somewhat chequered career, that
No. 53.—VOL. IX.

the memories of gentlefolks were weak, and wanted jogging at times—"

"Look here," said George Hillyar, rising coolly, and walking towards the man. "Let me see you try to jog mine. Let me see you only once attempt it. Do you hear? Just try. Are you going to threaten, hey? D—n you; just try it, will you. Do you hear?"

He not only heard, but he minded. As George Hillyar advanced towards him, he retreated, until at last, being able to go no further, he stood upright against the weather-boards of the wall, and George stood before him, pointing at him with his finger.

"Bah!" said George Hillyar, after a few seconds, going back to his chair. "Why do you irritate me? You should know my temper by this time, Samuel. I don't want to quarrel with you."

"I am sure you don't, sir," said Burton.

"Why are you sure I don't?" snarled George, looking at him angrily.

"Why, eh? Why are you sure that I don't want to quarrel with you, and be rid of you for ever? Hey?"

"Oh dear! I am sure I don't know, sir. I meant no offence. I am very humble and submissive. I do assure you, Mr. George, that I am very submissive. I didn't expect such a reception, sir. I had no reason to. I have been faithful and true to you, Mr. George, through everything. I am

a poor miserable used-up man, all alone in the world. Were I ever such a traitor, Mr. George, I am too old and broken by trouble, though not by years, to be dangerous."

The cat-like vitality which showed itself in every movement of his body told another story though. George Hillyar saw it, and he saw also, now that he had had an instant for reflection, that he had made a sad mistake in his way of receiving the man. The consciousness of his terrible blunder came upon him with a sudden jar. He had shown the man, in his sudden irritation, that he distrusted and hated him; and he had sense to see, that no cajolery or flattery would ever undo the mischief which he had made, by his loss of temper, and by a few wild words. He saw by the man's last speech, that the miserable convict had some sparks of love left for his old master, until he had wilfully trampled them out in his folly. He saw, now it was too late, that he might have negotiated successfully on the basis of their old association; and at the same time that he, by a few cruel words, had rendered it impossible. The poor wretch had come to him in humility, believing him to be the last person left in the world who cared for him. George had rudely broken his fancy by his causeless suspicion, and put the matter on a totally different footing.

He clumsily tried to patch the matter up. He said, "There, I beg your pardon; I was irritated and nervous. You must forget all I have said."

"And a good deal else with it, sir, I am afraid," said Burton. "Never mind, sir; I'll forget it all. I am worse than I was."

"Now don't *you* get irritated," said George, "because that would be very ridiculous, and do no good to any one. If you can't stand my temper after so many years, we shall never get on."

"I am not irritated, sir. I came to you to ask for your assistance, and you seem to have taken it into your head that I was going to threaten you with old matters. I had no intention of

anything of the sort. I merely thought you might have a warm place left in your heart for one who served you so well, for evil or for good. I am very humble, sir. If I were ungrateful enough to do so, I should never dare to try a game of bowls with an inspector of police, in this country, sir. I only humbly ask for your assistance."

"Samuel," said George Hillyar, "we have been mistaking one another."

"I think we have, sir," said Burton.

And, although George looked up quickly enough, the sly scornful expression was smoothed out of Burton's face, and he saw nothing of it.

"I am sure we have," continued George. "Just be reasonable. Suppose I *did* think at first, that you were going to try to extort money from me: why, then, it all comes to this, that I was mistaken. Surely that is enough of an apology."

"I need no apologies, Mr. George. As I told you before, I am only submissive. I am your servant still, sir. Only your servant."

"What am I to do for you, Samuel? Anything?"

"I came here to-day, sir, to ask a favour. The fact is, sir, I came to ask for some money. After what has passed, I suppose, I may go away again. Nevertheless, sir, you needn't be afraid of refusing. I haven't—haven't—Well, never mind; all these years to turn Turk at last, with such odds against me, too."

"How much do you want, Samuel?" said George Hillyar.

"I'll tell you, sir, all about it. A man who owes me money, an old mate of mine, is doing well in a public-house at Perth, in West Australia. He has written to me to say that, if I will come, I shall go into partnership for the debt. It is a great opening for me; I shall never have to trouble you again. Thirty pounds would make a gentleman of me just now. I say nothing of your getting rid of me for good—"

"You need say nothing more, Samuel," said George. "I will give you the money. What ship shall you go by?"

"The *Windsor* sails next week, sir, and calls at King George's Sound. That would do for me."

"Very well, then," said George; "here is the money; go by her. It is better that we separate. You see that these confidences, these long *tête-à-têtes*, between us are not reputable. I mean no unkindness; you must see it."

"You are right, sir. It shall not happen again. I humbly thank you, sir. And I bid you good day."

He was moving towards the door, when George Hillyar turned his chair away from him, as though he was going to look out of window into the paddock, and said, "Stop a moment, Samuel."

The convict faced round at once. He could see nothing but the back of George's head, and George seemed to be sitting in profound repose, staring at the green trees, and the parrots which were whistling and chattering among the boughs. Burton's snake-like eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"You watched me to-day in the Post-office," said George.

"Yes, sir; but I did not think you saw me."

"No more I did. I felt you," answered George. "By the bye, you got fourteen years for the Stanlake business, did you not?"

"Yes, sir; fourteen weary years," said Burton, looking inquiringly at the back of George's head, and madly wishing that he could see his face.

"Only just out now, is it?" said George.

"I was free in eight, sir. Then I got two. I should have got life over this last bank robbery, but that I turned Queen's evidence."

"I hope you will mend your ways," said George, repeating, unconsciously, Mr. Oxton's words to the same man on a former occasion. "By George, Samuel, why don't you?"

"I am going to, sir," replied Burton, hurriedly; and still he stood, without moving a muscle, staring at the back of George Hillyar's head so eagerly that he never drew his breath, and his red-brown face lost its redness in his anxiety.

At last George spoke, and he smiled as though he knew what was coming.

"Samuel," he said, "I believe your wife died; did she not?"

"Yes, sir, she died."

"How did she die?"

"Cold. Caught in Court."

"I don't mean that. I mean, what was her frame of mind—there, go away, for God's sake; there will be some infernal scandal or another if we stay much longer. Here! Guard! See this man out. I tell you I won't act on such information. Go along with you. Unless you can put your information together better than that, you may tell your story to the marines on board the *Pelorus*. Go away."

Samuel Burton put on the expression of a man who was humbly assured that his conclusions were right, and only required time to prove it. It was an easy matter for those facile, practised features to twist themselves into any expression in one instant. There is no actor like an old convict. He sneaked across the yard with this expression on his face, until he came to the gate, at which stood five troopers, watching him as he passed.

He couldn't stand it. The devil was too strong in him. Here were five of these accursed bloodhounds, all in blue and silver lace, standing looking at him contemptuously, and twisting their moustaches: five policemen—men who had never had the pluck to do a dishonest action in their lives—standing and sneering at him, who knew the whole great art and business of crime at his fingers' ends. It was intolerable. He drew himself up, and began on them. It was as if a little Yankee *Monitor*, steaming past our fleet of great iron-clad frigates, should suddenly, spitefully, and hopelessly open fire on it.

I can see the group now. The five big, burly, honest, young men, standing silently and contemptuously looking at Samuel, in the bright sunlight; and the convict sidling past them, rubbing his hands, with a look of burlesqued politeness in his face.

"And good day, my noble captains,"

he began, with a sidelong bow, his head on one side like a cockatoo's, and his eye turned up looking nowhere. "Good day, my veterans, my champions. My bonny, pad-clinking,¹ out-after-eight-o'clock-parade, George Street bucks. Good day. Does any one of you know aught of one trooper Evans, lately quartered at Cape Wilberforce?"

"Ah!" said the youngest of the men, a mere lad; "why, he's my brother."

"No," said Samuel, who was perfectly aware of the fact. "Well, well! It seems as if I was always to be the bearer of bad news somehow."

"What d'ye mean, old man?" said the young fellow, turning pale. "There's nothing the matter with Bill, is there?"

Samuel merely shook his head slowly. His enjoyment of that look of concern, which he had brought upon the five honest faces, was more intense than anything *we* can understand.

"Come: cheer up, Tom," said the oldest of the troopers to the youngest. "Speak out, old man; don't you see our comrade's in distress?"

"I should like to have broke it to him by degrees," said Samuel; "but it must all come out. Bear up, I tell you. Take it like a man. Your brother's been took; and bail's refused."

"That's a lie," said Tom, who was no other than George Hillyar's orderly. "If you tell me that Bill has been up to anything, I tell you it's a lie."

"He was caught," said Samuel, steadily, "boning of his lieutenant's pomatum to ile his moustachers. Two Blacks and a Chinnee seen him a-doing on it, and when he was took his 'ands was greasy. Bail was refused in consequence of a previous conviction again him, for robbing a blind widder woman of a Bible and a old possum rug while she was attending her husband's funeral. The clerk of the bench has got him a-digging in his potato-garden, now at this present moment, waiting for the sessions. Good-bye, my beauties. Keep out of the sun, and don't spile your complexions. Good-bye."

¹ Alluding to the clinking of their spurs.

CHAPTER XX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: REUBEN ENTER-TAINS MYSTERIOUS AND UNSATISFACTORY COMPANY.

I WAS doubtful, at this time, whether or no Sir George Hillyar knew or guessed that we were relations of Samuel Burton, the man who had robbed him. I think even now that he did not *know*; if he did, it was evident that he generously meant to ignore it. Mr. Compton, who had recommended Samuel, told us to say nothing about it; and we said nothing. Emma surprised Joe and me one night, when we were alone together, by firing up on the subject, and saying distinctly and decidedly that she thought we were all wrong in not telling him. I was rather inclined to agree with her; but what was to be done? It was not for us to decide.

The relations between the two families were becoming very intimate indeed. Sir George Hillyar had taken a most extraordinary fancy for Reuben, which he showed by bullying him in a petulant way the whole day long; and by continually giving him boots and clothes, as peace-offerings. Reuben would take everything said to him with the most unfailing good humour, and would stand quietly and patiently, hat in hand, before Sir George, and rub his cheek, or scratch his head, or chew a piece of stick, while the "jobation" was going on. He took to Sir George Hillyar amazingly. He would follow him about like a dog, and try to anticipate his wishes in every way. He did not seem to be in the least afraid of him, but would even grin in the middle of one of Sir George's most furious tirades. They were a strange couple; so utterly different in character; Sir George so ferociously obstinate, and Reuben so singularly weak and yielding; and yet they had a singular attraction for one another.

"Erne," Sir George would roar out of window, "where the devil is that tiresome monkey of a waterman?"

"I haven't seen him to-day," Erne

would reply. "He has been missing since last night. The servants think he has drowned himself, after the rowing you gave him last night. I think that he has merely run away. If you like, I will order the drags."

"Don't you be a jacknapes. Find him."

Reuben would be produced before the window.

"May I take the liberty of asking how you have been employing your time, sir? The boats are not cleaned."

"Cleaned 'em by nine this morning, sir."

"You have not fetched home that punt-pole, sir, as you were expressly ordered."

"Fetched it home last night, sir."

"And why was it not fetched home before, sir?"

"The old cove as had the mending on it," Reuben would answer, going off at score in his old way, "has fell out with his missis, and she hid his shoes in the timber-yard, and went off to Hampton fair in a van, along with Mrs. Scuttle, the master-sweep's lady; and he had to lie in bed till she come back, which wasn't soon, for she is fond of society and calculated to adorn it; and, when she come, she couldn't remember where the shoes was put to, and so—"

"What do you mean, sir?" Sir George would interrupt, "by raking up all this wretched blackguardism before my son Erne?"

Reuben would say, that he had been asked, and supposed that he did right in answering; and by degrees the storm would blow over, and Reuben would in some way find himself the better for it. When Erne told me that he had seen his father sit on a bench and watch Reuben at his work for an hour together: I began to think that Sir George had a shrewd guess as to who Reuben was; and also to have a fancy that there might be two sides to Samuel Burton's story; and that it was dimly possible that Sir George might wish to atone for some wrong which he had done to our cousin. But I said nothing to any one,

and you will see whether or no I was right by-and-by.

However, Reuben's success with Sir George was quite notorious in our little circle. My mother said that it was as clear as mud that Sir George intended to underswear his personalities in Reuben's favour. I might have wondered what she meant, but I had given up wondering what my mother meant, years ago, as a bad job.

I saw Reuben very often during his stay at Stanlake, and he was always the very Reuben of old times—reckless, merry, saucy, and independent—ready to do the first thing proposed, without any question or hesitation. The dark cloud which had come over him the night I went up and slept with him in the ghost-room had apparently passed away. Twice I alluded to it, but was only answered by a mad string of Cockney balderdash, like his answers to Sir George Hillyar, one of which I have given above as a specimen. The third time I alluded to the subject, he was beginning to laugh again, but I stopped him.

"Rube," I said, looking into his face, "I don't want you to talk about that night. I want you to remember what I said that night. I said, Rube, that, come what would, I would stick by you. Remember that."

"I'll remember, old Jim," he said, trying to laugh it off. But I saw that I had brought the cloud into his face again, and I bided my time.

When the boating season was over, the Hillyars went back into the great house at Stanlake, and Reuben came home and took up his quarters once more in the ghost's-room, at the top of the house; and then I saw that the cloud was on his face again, and that it grew darker day by day.

I noticed the expression of poor Reuben's face, the more, perhaps, because there was something so *pitiable* in it—a look of abject, expectant terror. I felt humiliated whenever I looked at Reuben. I wondered to myself whether, under any circumstances, my face could assume that expression. I hoped

not. His weak, handsome face got an expression of eager, terrified listening, most painful to witness. Mr. Faulkner had lent Joe "Tom and Jerry," and among other pictures in it, was one of an effeminate, middle-aged forger, just preparing for the gallows, by George Cruikshank ; and, when I saw that most terrible picture, I was obliged to confess that Reuben might have sat for it.

A very few nights after his return, just when I had satisfied myself of all the above-mentioned facts about Reuben, it so happened that Fred, being started for a run in his night-shirt, the last thing before going to bed, had incontinently run into the back kitchen, climbed on to the sink to see his brothers, Harry and Frank, pumping the kettle full for the next morning, slipped up on the soap, come down on one end, and wetted himself. My mother was in favour of airing a fresh night-gown, but Emma undertook to dry him in less time ; so they all went to bed, leaving Fred standing patiently at Emma's knees, with his back towards the fire, in a cloud of ascending steam.

I had caught her eye for one instant, and I saw that it said "Stay with me." So I came and sat down beside her.

"Jim, dear," she said eagerly, "you have noticed Reuben : I have seen you watching him."

"What is it, sweetheart?" I answered. "Can you make anything of it?"

"Nothing, Jim," she said. "I am fairly puzzled. Has he confided to you?"

I told her faithfully what had passed between us the night I stayed in his room.

"He has done nothing wrong ; that is evident," she said. "I am glad of that. I love Reuben, Jim. I wouldn't have any evil happen to Reuben for anything in the world. Let us watch him and save him, Jim ; let us watch him and save him."

I promised that I would do so, and I did. I had not long to watch. In their days from that conversation, the look of frightened expectation in Reuben's face was gone, and in its place there was one of surly defiance. I saw

that what he had expected had come to pass. But what was *that* ? I could not conceive. I could only remember my promise to him, to stick by him, and wait till he chose to tell me. For there was that in his eyes which told me that I *must* wait his time ; that I must do anything but ask.

He left off coming in to see us of an evening, but would only look in to say "Good night," and then we would hear him toiling up the big stairs all alone. Two or three times Emma would waylay him and try to tempt him to talk, but he would turn away. Once she told me he laid his head down on the banisters and covered his face ; she thought he was going to speak, but he raised it again almost directly, and went away hurriedly.

The house was very nearly empty just now. The lodgers, who had, so to speak, flocked to my father's standard at first, had found the house dull, and had one by one left us, to go back into the old houses, as buildings which were not so commodious, but not so intolerably melancholy. The house was not so bad in summer ; but, when the November winds began to stalk about the empty rooms, like ghosts, and bang the shutters, in the dead of night—or when the house was filled from top to bottom with the November fog, so that, when you stood in the middle of the great room at night with a candle, the walls were invisible, and you found yourself, as it were, out of sight of land ; then it became a severe trial to any one's nerves to live above stairs. They dropped off one by one ; even the Agars and the Holmeses, our oldest friends. They plainly told us why ; we could not blame them, and we told them so.

It used to appear to me so dreadfully desolate for Reuben, sleeping alone up there at the very top of the house, separated from everything human and life-like by four melancholy storeys of empty ghost-haunted rooms. I thought of it in bed, and it prevented my sleeping. I knew that some trouble was hanging over his head, and I thought that there was something infinitely sad and

pathetic in the fact of that one weak, affectionate soul lying aloft there, so far away from all of us, brooding in solitude. Alone in the desolate darkness, with trouble—nay, perhaps with guilt.

One night I lay awake so long thinking of this, that I felt that my judgment was getting slightly unhinged—that, in short, I was wandering on the subject. I awoke Joe. He had never been taken into full confidence about Reuben and his troubles. Reuben was a little afraid of him, and had asked me not to speak to him on the subject, but I had long thought that we were foolish, in not having the advice of the soundest head in the house; so, finding my own judgment going, I awoke him and told him everything.

"I have been watching too," said Joe, "and I saw that he had asked you and Emma to say nothing to me. Mind you never let him know you have. I'll tell you what to do, old man. What time is it?"

It was half-past eleven, by my watch.

"Get up and put on some clothes; go up stairs and offer to sleep with him."

"So late," I said. "Won't he be angry?"

"Never mind that. He oughtn't to be left alone brooding there. He'll—he'll—take to drink or something. Go up now, old man, and see if he will let you sleep with him."

It was the cold that made my teeth chatter. I feel quite sure that it was not the terror of facing those endless broad stairs in the middle of a November night, but chatter they did. I had made my determination, however; I was determined that I would go up to poor Reuben, and so I partly dressed myself. Joe partly dressed himself too, saying that he would wait for me.

Oh, that horrible journey aloft, past the long corridors, and the miserable bare empty rooms, up the vast empty staircases, out of which things looked at me, and walked away again with audible footsteps! Bah! it makes me shudder to think of it now.

But, at last, after innumerable terrors,

I reached Reuben's room-door, and knocked. He was snoring very loud indeed—a new trick of his. After I had knocked twice, he suddenly half-opened the door, and looked out before I had heard him approach it. It was dark, and we could not see one another. Reuben whispered, "Who's there?" and I answered,

"It's only me, Rube. I thought you were so lonely, and I came up to sleep with you."

He said, "That's like you. Don't come in, old fellow; the floor's damp: let me come down and sleep with you instead. Wait."

I waited while Reuben found his trousers, and all the while he kept snoring with a vigour and regularity highly creditable. At last, after a few moments indeed, I made the singularly shrewd guess that there was some one else sleeping in Reuben's room—some one who lay on his back, and the passages of whose nose were very much contracted.

Reuben came downstairs with me in the dark. He said it was so kind of me to think of him. He confided to me that he had a "cove" upstairs, a great pigeon-fancier, to whom he, Reuben, owed money; but which pigeon-fancier was in hiding, in consequence of a mistake about some turbits, into which it would be tedious to go. I *thought* it was something of that kind, and was delighted to find that I was right. I took occasion to give Rube about three-halfpennyworth of good advice about low company, but he cut it short; for he rolled sleepily into our room, where a light was burning, and tumbled into my bed with one of his old laughs, and seemed to go to sleep instantly.

I was glad of this, for I was in mortal fear lest he should notice one fact: Joe was not in the room, and Joe's bed was empty. Joe had been following me to see me through my adventure, as he always did; but, if Reuben had seen that Joe had been watching us, I know he would never have forgiven him, and so it was just as well as it was. I put the light out, and in a few minutes I

heard Joe come into the room and get into bed. Although I was very tired after a hard day's work, I determined to think out the problem of Reuben's visitor. I had scarcely made this determination, when it became clear to me that he was no other than Robinson Crusoe, who had come to insist that all Childs' and Chancellor's omnibus-horses were to be roughed in three minutes, in consequence of the frost. I then proceeded down the Thames in a barge, by the Croydon atmospheric railway ; and then I gave it up as a bad job, and went on the excursion which we all, I hope, go at night. May yours be a pleasant one to-night, my dear reader—pleasanter than any which Reuben's friend, the pigeon-fancier, is at all likely to make.

CHAPTER XXI.

GERTY GOES ON THE WAR TRAIL.

BELOW the city of Palmerston, which was situated just at the head of the tideway, the river Sturt found its way to the sea in long reaches, which were walled in, to the very water's edge, by what is called in the colony teascrub—a shrub not very unlike the tamarisk, growing dense and thick, about fifteen feet high, on the muddy bank, eaten out by the wash of many steamboats. But, above the tideway, the river was very different. If you went up, you had scarcely passed the wharfs of the city before you found yourself in a piece of real primeval forest, of nearly two thousand acres, left by James Oxtan from the very first ; which comprised a public park, a botanic garden, and the paddock of the police-station. This domain sloped gently down to the river on either side, and the river was no sooner relieved from the flat tideway than it began to run in swift long shallows of crystal water, under hanging woodlands—in short, to become useless, romantic, and extremely beautiful.

Passing upward beyond the Government Reserve, as this beautiful tract was called, you came into the magnificent grounds of the Government House. The

house itself, a long, white, castellated building, hung aloft on the side of a hill overhead, and was backed by vast sheets of dark green woodland. From the windows the lawn stooped suddenly down, a steep slope into the river, here running in a broad deep reach, hugging the rather lofty hills, on the lower range of which the house was situated.

Immediately beyond the Government House, and on the other side of the river, was a house of a very different character. The river, keeping, as I said, close to the hills, left on the other side a great level meadow, which, in consequence of the windings of the stream, was a mere low peninsula, some five hundred acres in extent, round which it swept in a great still, deep, circle. At the isthmus of the peninsula, on a rib of the higher land behind, a ridge of land ran down, and, forming the isthmus itself, was lost at once in the broad river-flat below : there stood the residence of our friend the Hon. James Oxtan.

It was a typical house—the house of a wealthy man who had not always been wealthy, but who had never been vulgar and pretentious. It was a perfectly honest house ; it *meant* something. It meant this : that James Oxtan required a bigger house now that he was worth a quarter of a million than he did when he was merely the cadet of an English family, sent here to sink or swim with the only two thousand pounds he was ever likely to see without work. And yet that house showed you at a glance that the owner did not consider himself to have risen in the social world one single step. He had always been a gentleman, said the house, and he never can be more or less. Ironmongers from Bass Street might build magnificent Italian villas, as an outward and visible proof that they had made their fortunes, and had become gentlemen beyond denial or question. James Oxtan still lived comfortably between weather-board, and under shingle, just as in the old times when ninety-nine hundredths of the colony was a howling wilderness ; *he* could not rise or fall.

Yet his house, in its peculiar way, was

a very fine one indeed. Strangers in the colony used to mistake it for a great barracks, or a great tan-yard, or something of that sort. Fifteen years before he had erected a simple wooden house of weather-board, with a high-pitched shingle roof. As he had grown, so had his house grown. As he had more visitors, he required more bedrooms; as he kept more horses, he required more stables, consequently more shingle and weather-boards: and so now his house consisted of three large gravelled quadrangles, surrounded by one-storied buildings, with high-pitched roofs and very deep verandahs. There was hardly a window in the whole building; nothing but glass doors opening to the ground, which were open for five or six months in the year.

An English lady might have objected to this arrangement. She might have said that it was not convenient to come in and find a tame kangaroo, as big as a small donkey, lying on his side on the hearthrug, pensively tickling his stomach with his fore paws; or for six or eight dogs, large and small, to come in from an expedition, and, finding the kangaroo in possession of the best place, dispose themselves as comfortably as circumstances would allow on ottomans and sofas, until they rose up with one accord and burst furiously out, barking madly, on the most trivial alarm, or even on none at all. An English lady, I say, might have objected to this sort of thing, but Aggy Oxton never dreamt of it. Mrs. Quickly objected to it, both on the mother's account and on that of the blessed child, not to mention her own; but Mrs. Oxton never did. It was James's house, and they were James's dogs. It must be right.

I mentioned Mrs. Quickly just this moment. I was forced to do so. The fact of the matter is, that at this time—that is to say, on the very day on which George Hillyar had his interview with Samuel Burton in his office—the whole of these vast premises, with their inhabitants, were under her absolute dominion, with the exception of the dogs, who smelt her contemptuously, won-

dering what she wanted there; and the cockatoo, who had delivered himself over as a prey to seven screaming devils, and, having bit Mrs. Quickly, had been removed to the stables, rebellious and defiant.

For there was a baby now. James Oxton had an heir for his honours and his wealth. The shrewd Secretary, the hard-bitten man of the world, the man who rather prided himself at being thoroughly conversant with all the springs of men's actions, had had a new lesson these last few days. There was a sensation under his broad white waistcoat now, so very, very different from anything he had ever felt before, and so strangely pleasant. He tried to think what it was most like. It was nearest akin to anxiety, he thought. He told his wife that he felt it in the same place, but that it was very different. After all, he did not know, on second thoughts, that it *was* so very like anxiety. He thought, perhaps, that the yearning regret for some old friend, who had died in England without bidding him good-bye, was most like this wonderful new sensation of child-love.

But, whatever it was most like, there it was. All the interlacing circles of politics, ambition, business, and family anxiety had joined their lines into one; and here, the centre of it all, lay his boy, his first-born, heir to 150,000 acres, on his pale wife's knee.

He was an anxious man that day. The party which was afterwards to rise and sweep him away for a time, the party of the farmers and shopkeepers, recruited by a few radical merchants and some squatters, smarting under the provisions of James Oxton's Scab Act, and officered, as the ultra-party in a colony always is, by Irishmen—the party represented in the House by Mr. Phelim O'Ryan, and in the press by the Mohawk—had shown their strength for the first time that day; and, as a proof of their patriotism, had thrown out, on the third reading (not having been able to whip in before), the Government district-building-surveyor's-bill, the object of which was to provide that the town should be built with some

pretensions to regularity, and that every man should get his fair money's worth out of the bricklayer. It was thrown out, wholesome and honest as it was, as a first taste of the tender mercies and good sense of a party growing stronger day by day. James Oxtan had cause to be anxious; he saw nothing before him but factious opposition, ever growing stronger to every measure he proposed; no business to be comfortably done until they, the Mohawks, were strong enough to take office, which would be a long while. And, when they were—Oh heavens! Phelim O'Ryan, Brian O'Donoghue! It wouldn't do to think of.

And George Hillyar? About this proposition of his going to England. The Secretary was strongly of opinion that he ought to go, and to make it up with his father, and to set things right, and to give Gerty her proper position in the world; but George wouldn't go. He was obstinate about it. He said that his father hated him, and that it was no use. "He is a short-necked man," argued James Oxtan to himself, "and is past sixty. He may go off any moment; and there is nothing to prevent his leaving three-quarters of his property to this cub Erne—the which thing I have a strong suspicion he has done already. In which case George and Gerty will be left out in the cold, as the Yankees say. Which will be the deuce and all: for George has strong capabilities of going to the bad left in him still. I wish George would take his pretty little wife over to England, and make his court with the old man while there is time. But he won't, confound him!"

The poor Secretary, you see, had cause enough for anxiety. And, when he was in one of what his wife chose to call his Sadducee humours, he would have told you that anxiety was merely a gnawing sensation behind the third button of your waistcoat, counting from the bottom. When, however, he came into the drawing-room, and saw his boy on his wife's lap, and Gerty kneeling before her, the sensation, though still

behind the same button, was not that of anxiety, but the other something spoken of above.

The baby had been doing prodigies. He was informed of it in a burst of excited talk. It had wimmicked. Not once or twice, but three times had that child wimmicked at its aunt as she knelt there on that identical floor under your feet. Mrs. Oxtan was confirmed in this statement by Gerty, and Gerty by Mrs. Quickly. There was no doubt about it. If the child went on at this pace, it would be taking notice in less than a month!

This was better than politics—far better. Confound O'Ryan and all the rest of them. He said, there and then, that he had a good mind to throw politics overboard and manage his property. "Will you have the goodness to tell me, Gerty," he said, "what prevents my doing so? Am I not poorer in office? Is it not unendurable that I, for merely patriotically giving up my time and talents to the colony, am to be abused by an Irish adventurer; have my name coupled with Lord Castlereagh's (the fool *meant* to be offensive, little dreaming that I admire Lord Castlereagh profoundly); and be unfavourably compared to Judas Iscariot? I'll pitch the whole thing overboard, take old George into partnership, and let them ruin the colony their own way. Why shouldn't I?"

Gerty didn't know. She never knew anything. She thought it would be rather nice. Mrs. Oxtan remarked quietly, that three days before he had been furiously abusing the upper classes in America, as cowardly and unprincipled, for their desertion of politics, and their retirement into private life.

"There, you are at it now," said the Secretary. "How often I have told you not to *réchauffer* my opinions in that way, and bring them up unexpectedly. You are a disagreeable woman, and I am very sorry I ever married you."

"You should have married Lesbia Burke, my love," said Mrs. Oxtan. "We always thought you would. Didn't we, Gerty?"

"No, dear, I think not," said simple Gerty; "I think you forget. Don't you remember that poor mamma always used to insist so positively that Mary was to marry Willy Morton; that you were to marry James; and that I was to marry either Dean Maberly, or Lord George Staunton, unless some one else turned up? I am sure I am right, because I remember how cross she was at your walking with Willy Morton at the Nicnicabarla picnic. She said, if you remember, that you were both wicked and foolish—wicked, to spoil your eldest sister's game, and more foolish than words could say if you attempted to play fast and loose with James. I remember how frightened I was at her. 'If you think James Oxtan is to be played the fool with, you little stupid,' she said—"

"The girl is mad," said Mrs. Oxtan, blushing and laughing at the same time. "She has gone out of her mind. Her memory is completely gone."

"Dear me!" said Gerty, looking foolishly round; "I suppose I oughtn't to have told all that before James. I am terribly silly sometimes. But, Lord bless you, it won't make any difference to him."

Not much, judging from the radiant smile on his face. He was intensely delighted. He snapped his fingers in his wife's face. "So Willy Morton was the other string to her bow, hey? Oh Lord!" he said, and then burst into a shout of merry laughter. Mrs. Oxtan would not be put down. She said that it was every word of it true, and that, idiot as Willy Morton was, he would never have snapped his fingers in his wife's face. Gerty couldn't understand the fun. She thought they were in earnest, and that she was the cause of it all. Mrs. Oxtan saw this, and pointed it out to the Secretary. He would have laughed at her anxiety, but he saw she was really distressed; so he told her in his kind, quiet way, that there was such love and confidence between him and her sister as even the last day of all, when the secrets of all hearts should be known, could not disturb for one instant.

She was, possibly, a little frightened by the solemnity with which he said this, for she stood a little without answering; and Mr. Oxtan and his wife, comparing notes that evening, agreed that her beauty grew more wonderful day by day.

For a moment she stood, with every curve in her body seeming to droop the one below the other, and her face vacant and puzzled; but suddenly, with hardly any outward motion, the curves seemed to shift upwards, her figure grew slightly more rigid, her head was turned slightly aside, her lips parted, and her face flushed and became animated.

"I hear him," she said; "I hear his horse's feet brushing through the fern. He is coming, James and Aggy. I know what a pity it is I am so silly—"

"My darling—" broke out Mr. Oxtan.

"I know what I mean, sister dear. He should have had a cleverer wife than me. Do you think I am so silly as not to see that? Here he is."

She ran out to meet him. "By George, Aggy," said the Secretary, kissing his wife, "if that fellow *does* turn Turk to her—"

He had no time to say more, for George and Gerty were in the room, and the Secretary saw that George's face was haggard and anxious, and began to grow anxious too.

"I am glad we are all here together alone," said George. "I want an important family talk. Mrs. Quickly, would you mind going?"

Mrs. Quickly had, unnoticed, heard all that had passed before, and seemed inclined to hear more. She minced, and ambled, and bridled, and said something about the blessed child, whereupon Mrs. Oxtan, like a shrewd body, gave her the baby to take away with her, reflecting that if she tried to listen at the keyhole the baby would probably make them aware of the fact.

"I look pale and anxious, I know," said George. "I am going to tell you why. Has Gerty told you what she told me last week?"

Yes, she had.

"I have been thinking over the matter all day, all day," said George, wearily, "and I have come to the conclusion that that circumstance makes an immense difference. Don't you see how, Oxtan?"

"I think I do," said the Secretary.

George looked wearily and composedly at him, and said, "I mean this, my dear Oxtan; I steadily refused to pay court to my father before, partly because I thought it useless, and partly because my pride forbade me. This news of Gerty's alters everything. For the sake of my child, I must eat my pride, and try to resume my place as the head of the house. Therefore, I think I will accede to your proposal, and go to England."

"My good George," said Mrs. Oxtan, taking him by both hands, "my wise, kind George, we are so sure it will be for the best."

"My boy," said the Secretary, "you are right. I cannot tell you how delighted I am at your decision. I wish I was going. Oh heavens! if I could only go. And you will go, and actually see old Leecroft, and Gerty shall take a kiss to my mother. Hey, Gerty? She would know you if she met you in the street, from my description? Shall you be in time to get off by the *Windsor*?"

"Oh Lord, no," said George, speaking fast for an instant; "we couldn't possibly go by that ship. No; we could not be ready by then."

"I suppose you couldn't," said the Secretary. "I was thinking for a moment, George, that you were as impatient as I should be."

"Hardly that," said George. "My errand home is a different sort of one from yours."

So George got leave of absence, and went home; partly to see whether or no he could, now a family was in prospect, get on some better terms with his father, and partly because, since he had the interview with Samuel Burton, everything seemed to have grown duller and blanker to him. His first idea was to put sixteen thousand miles of salt water between him and this man, and

his purpose grew stronger every time he remembered the disgraceful tie that bound them together.

So they went. As the ship began to move through the green water of the bay, Gerty stood weeping on the quarter-deck, clinging to George's arm. The shore began to fade rapidly; the happy, happy shore, on which she had spent her sunny, silly life. The last thing she saw through her tears was the Secretary, standing at the end of the pier, waving his hat, and Aggy beside him. When she looked up again, some time after, the old familiar shore was but a dim blue cloud, and, with a sudden chill of terror, she found herself separated from all who knew her and loved her, save one—alone, on the vast, heaving, pitiless ocean, with George Hillyar.

For one instant, she forgot herself. She clutched his arm and cried out, "George, George! let us go back. I am frightened, George. I want to go back to Aggy and James. Take me back to James! Oh, for God's sake, take me back!"

"It is too late now, Gerty," said George coldly. "You and I are launched in the world together alone, to sink or swim. The evening gets chill. Go to your cabin."

The Secretary stamped his foot on the pier, and said, "God deal with him as he deals with her!" But his wife caught his hands in hers, and said, "James, James! don't say that. Who are we that we should make imprecations? Say, God help them both, James."

CHAPTER XXII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: VERY LOW COMPANY.

REUBEN's friend, the pigeon-fancier, never showed in public. I asked Rube, after a day or two, whether he was there still, and Rube answered that he was there still, off and on. I was very sorry to hear it, though I could hardly have told any one why.

Reuben never came in of a night now;

at least, never came to sit with us. Sometimes he would come in for a few minutes, with his pockets always full of bulls'-eyes and rock and such things, and would give them to the children, looking steadily at Emma all the while, and then go away again. He would not let me come up to his room. He seemed not at all anxious to conceal the fact, that there was some one who came there who was, to put it elegantly, an ineligible acquaintance. My father became acquainted with the fact, and was seriously angry about it. But Reuben had correctly calculated on my father's good nature and disinclination to act. Reuben knew that my father would only growl; he knew he would never turn him out.

Very early in my story I hinted that Alsatia was just round the corner from Brown's Row. Such was the fact. In Danvers Street and Lawrence Street, west and east of us, might be found some very queer people indeed; and, as I have an objection to give their names, I shall give them fictitious ones. I have nothing whatever to say against Mrs. Quickly, or of the reasons which led to her emigration. She hardly comes into question just now, for she emigrated to Cooksland not long after Fred was born. I repeat that I personally have nothing to say against Mrs. Quickly; she was always singularly civil to me. That she was a foolish and weak woman, I always thought, but I was surprised at the singular repugnance which Emma showed towards her. And Mrs. C——m again. What could have made her fly out at the poor woman in that way, and fairly hunt her out of Sydney? And will you tell me why, in the end, not only Emma and Mrs. C——m, but also my mother, had far more tenderness and compassion for that terrible unsexed termagant Mrs. Bardolph (*née* Tearsheet), than for the gentle, civil, soft-spoken Mrs. Quickly? I asked my wife why it was the other day, and she told me that nothing was more difficult to answer than a thoroughly stupid question.

At the time of which I am speaking now, Mrs. Quickly had gone to Australia,

and the house she had kept in Lawrence Street was kept by Mrs. Bardolph and Miss Ophelia Flanagan. Miss Flanagan was a tall raw-boned Irish woman, married to a Mr. Malone. Mrs. Bardolph was a great red-faced coarse Kentish woman, with an upper lip longer than her nose, and a chin as big as both, as strong as a man, and as fierce as a tiger.

This winter she had returned from a short incarceration. There had been a fatal accident in her establishment. Nobody—neither the dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, nor Nym, nor Bardolph, nor Pistol—had anything to do with it. The man had fallen downstairs and broken his neck accidentally, but neither the Middlesex Magistrates nor the Assistant-Judge could conceal from themselves the fact, that Mrs. Bardolph kept a disorderly house, and so she had to go to Holloway. She had now returned, louder, redder, and angrier than before.

Not many days after the night on which I had gone up into Reuben's room, I had some business in Cheyne Row, and when it was done I came whistling and sauntering homewards. As I came into Lawrence Street, I was thinking how pleasant and fresh the air came up from the river, when I was attracted by the sound of people talking loudly before me, and, looking up, I saw at the corner of the passage which leads by the Dissenting chapel into Church Street, this group—

Miss Flanagan and Mrs. Bardolph, leaning against the railings with their arms folded; Mr. Nym, Mr. Bardolph, and Mr. Pistol (I know who I mean well enough); a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, Bill Sykes, Mrs. Gamp, Moll Flanders, and my cousin Reuben. There was a man also, who leant against a post with his back towards me, whose face I could not see.

As I came near them, they stopped talking, every one of them, and looked at me. To any lad of nearly eighteen, not born in London, or one of the chief towns in Australia, this would have been confusing; to me it was a matter of pro-

found indifference. I was passing them with a calm stare, by no means expressive of curiosity, when Mrs. Bardolph spoke :

"Hallo, young Bellus-and-tongs ! What's up ?"

I replied to her, not in many words. There was a roar of laughter from the whole gang ; she looked a little angry for a moment, but laughed good-naturedly directly afterwards. Then I was sorry for what I had said. But you had to keep your tongue handy in those times, I assure you.

"Never you mind the stirabout, you monkey," she said ; "my constitution wanted reducing ; I was making a deal too much flesh. Take your cousin home and mind him, you cheeky gonoff ; don't you see that the devil has come for him ?"

There was another laugh at this, and I turned and looked at the gentleman who was leaning against the corner-post, and who was laughing as loud as any one. I was not impressed in this gentleman's favour ; but I was strongly impressed with the idea that this was the gentleman who had snored so loud one night he had slept in Reuben's room. But I only laughed too. I said to Mrs. Bardolph, that Rube knew his home and his friends a good deal better than she could tell him, and so I went on my way, and, as I went, heard Miss Flanagan remark that I was a tonguey young divvle, but had something the look of my sister about the eye.

I was glad that Erne came to see me that night, for I was terribly vexed and ill at ease at finding Reuben in such company—in company so utterly depraved that I have chosen, as you see, to designate them by Shakespearian names. It was not because I wished to confide in him that I was glad to see him. I had no intention of doing that. If I had, in the first place I should have been betraying Reuben ; in the second, I should have been ashamed ; and in the third, I should have been telling the difficulty to a person as little likely to understand it and assist one out of it as any one I

know. Erne's childish simplicity in all worldly matters was a strange thing to see.

No. It was for this reason I was glad to see Erne. I was vexed, and the fact of his sitting beside me soothed me and made me forget my vexation. Why ? you ask. Well, that I cannot tell you. I have not the very least idea in the world why. I only know that when Erne was sitting with me I had a feeling of contentment which I never had at other times. We never spoke much to one another ; hardly ever, unless we were alone, and then only a few words ; nothing in themselves, but showing that we understood one another thoroughly. Erne's powers of conversation were entirely reserved for Emma and Joe. But they told me that if I was out when he came, he was quite distraught and absent ; that he would never talk his best unless I was present—though he would, perhaps, only notice my coming by taking my hand and saying, "How do, old fellow ?" A curious fact these boy-friendships ! A wise schoolmaster told me the other day that he should not know what to do without them, and that he had to utilise them. They are, I think, all very well until Ferdinand meets Miranda. After that, they must take their chance. At this time, it was only child Erne who was in love with child Emma. As yet, I was the centre round which Erne's world revolved. I had not gone to the wall as yet.

"Hallo !" said Erne, when he burst in. "I say, is Jim here ? I say, old fellow, I want to talk to you most particularly. Where's Emma, old fellow ? Fetch Emma for me ; I want to have a talk about something very particular indeed. A regular council of war, Joe. You Hammersmith, you needn't say anything ; you listen, and reserve your opinion. Do you hear ?"

I remember that he shook hands with me, and I remember smiling to see his white delicate fingers clasped in my own black hand. Then Emma came sweeping in, and her broad noble face shaped itself into one great smile to welcome

him; and he asked her to give him a kiss, and she gave him one, and you must make the best of it you can, or the worst that you dare. And then she passed on to her place by the fire with Frank and Harry, and Fred hanging to her skirts, and sat down to listen.

The court was opened by Erne. He said, "My elder brother is come home." There were expressions of surprise from Joe and Emma.

"Yes," said Erne. "He is come home. Emma, I want to ask you this: If you had a brother you had never seen, do you think you could love him?"

Emma said, "Yes. That she should certainly love him, merely from being her brother."

"But suppose," said Erne, "that you had never heard anything but evil about him. Should you love him then?"

"Yes," said Emma; "I wouldn't believe the evil. And so I should be able to love him."

"But," said Erne, "that is silly nonsense. Suppose that you were forced to believe every thing bad against him?"

"I wouldn't without proof," said resolute Emma.

"But suppose you *had* proof, you very obstinate and wrong-headed girl. Supposing the proofs of his ill behaviour were perfectly conclusive. Suppose that."

"Supposing that," said the undaunted Emma, "is supposing a good deal. Suppose that I was to suppose, that you had taken the whole character of your brother from second-hand, and had never taken the trouble or had the opportunity to find out the truth. Suppose that."

"Well," said Erne, after a pause, "that is the case, after all. But you needn't be so aggravating and determined; I only asked your opinion. I wanted you to—"

"To hound you on till you formed the faction against your brother, eh?" said Emma. "Now, you may be offended or not; you may get up and leave this room to-night; but you shall hear the truth. Joe and I have talked over this ever since you told us that your brother was expected a fortnight ago, and I am expressing Joe's opinion and my own. Every prejudice you take towards that man lowers you in the estimation of those who love you best. You sit there, I see, like a true gentleman, without anger; you encourage me to go on to the end and risk the loss of your acquaintance by doing so (it is Joe who is speaking, not I); but I tell you boldly, that your duty, as a gentleman, is to labour night and day to bring your brother once more into your father's favour. It will ruin you, in a pecuniary point of view, to do so; but, if you wish to be a man of honour and a gentleman, if you wish to be with us all the same Erne Hillyar that we have learnt to love so dearly, you must do so."

"I have two things more to say," continued Emma, whose colour, heightened during her speech, was now fading again. "Jim, your dear Hammersmith knew nothing whatever of this speech I have made you. It was composed by Joe, and I agree with every word, every letter of it; and that is all I have to say, Erne Hillyar."

To be continued.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS FOR BOYS: THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

"At what age ought a boy to go to school?" This question can no more be answered definitely than "At what age ought he to leave it?" Circumstances of many kinds will direct both, and determine both; but we will view as the time for the private school, with a free and indefinite margin on either side, the five years lying between the ages of nine and fourteen.

The close superintendence which a master is able to extend to a limited number of pupils embraces all the advantages of home-teaching, and avoids some of its disadvantages; it secures the good government without granting the undue indulgence. It is proverbial that the health of a boy is better at school than at home: and I have known many a pale and weakly child, whom his mother sent forth in fear and trembling, return in six months a ruddy and healthy boy. This may doubtless be attributed in a great measure to the regularity of school life—regularity in hours of study, recreation, meals, rising and going to bed—and also to the increased mental activity which he experiences in his enlarged sphere of life, in the number of his companions, in the novelty and variety of his occupations, and the earnestness and energy with which he engages in them.

If the nursery training has been good, the boy will enter upon school-life with a fair prospect of a free and unbroken advance. There is no portion of life's race so dangerous as that which he has just cleared, and none more safe than that on which he is just entering: with judicious management he may so husband his strength as to come in fit for the next portion—again a trying one. The irritability of the nervous system accompanying early childhood is in a great measure past; several, if not all, of the ailments incidental to that period

of life have been encountered and overcome; the dangers arising from the abuse of some of the agents of growth are greatly lessened, and opportunities for a freer use of others presented.

Almost without exception, indeed, are the agents of growth and development more fully and sensibly administered at school than at home. This is, perhaps, especially the case with that of diet. It is remarkable how soon the pampered appetite of a petted child becomes adapted to the plainer, but more wholesome, fare of school. Let the schoolboy's diet be sufficiently varied and abundant, and the hours between the meals not too far apart, and he will not quarrel with the cooking; for the extreme activity of every organ during his waking hours necessitates a large and regular supply of nutriment. Observe the quantity of food he consumes, and it will be found sufficient for a full-grown labouring man; and rightly so, for there is no labourer in England, in field or at forge, in smithy or at loom, who will undergo so much exertion, in the form of voluntary muscular movement, as a healthy schoolboy.

And yet there is need of supervision on the other side. At school, where the wholesome, well-prepared food is unaccompanied by any artificial provocatives in the shape of sauces or seasonings, or similar inducements to eat after the appetite is satisfied, there is little risk of eating too much; but, where the drink provided is beer, many boys drink much more than is needed, to the acquirement of a taste that will inevitably "grow by what it feeds on." Another pernicious practice, which might advantageously be restricted, is, the wasteful weekly, if not daily, expenditure of pocket-money and allowances upon the trash and abominations vended by confectioners. Many a respectable family in England subsists

upon a smaller income than is spent in this manner by self-indulgent school-boys; and its injurious effect upon the health is far greater than is generally imagined.

Fully appreciating the importance of this agent, schoolmasters have given to it a share of attention greater than to any other affecting the material comfort of their pupils. While I have never observed any neglect or abuse of this one to warrant serious remark, on the other hand I have frequently, on entering a school dormitory, been painfully impressed with the defective arrangements for ventilation. That which is to be secured by a liberal expenditure of the hard-earned fees is liberally supplied; but that which is equally important to the health of the pupils—Air—is doled out to them in the most meagre allotments. That which encompasses the whole earth in one vast ocean, of a depth greater than ever plummet sounded—that which we rightly call the freest of all free things—is forbidden entrance to the place where our children spend their days and their nights: that which a merciful Creator has so constituted that it will rush with horse-power into every square foot of space from which it has been excluded, if we will grant it but entrance—so constituted that, when unfit for our use, it will rise above our heads, if we will only build our dwellings lofty enough to give it space, and rush up our chimneys and out of our windows, if we will only leave them open for its passage—is “cabined, cribbed, confined,” until its very nature is changed.

But, independently of the admission of air, the detail of ventilating the dormitory is not sufficiently understood or practised. It is not enough that its every door and window should be opened when it is vacated by its inmates. They might remain so all day, and still the air in, under and around the bed, be impure—charged with the expired and excreted particles of the sleeper, exhaled from lungs and skin—lurking in the folds of the bed “furniture,” and lingering between blanket, and mattress, and pillow. The only real and effective

mode of bedroom ventilation is to expose each article of bed gear, as soon as the bed is empty, to the action and influence of the atmosphere, admitted through the channels just named; and this should be done regularly, daily, in summer and winter.

The same necessity for complete ventilation exists in the schoolroom, if possible, even more urgently; for pure air is also a valuable stimulus to mental activity—not the stimulus to undue exertion, but the agent chiefly conducive to the natural condition of perfect cerebral activity, which foul air deadens and retards. And yet, how often do we see master and pupil bending over their desks with flushed temples and aching brows, with dizziness in the brain and nausea in the stomach, irritation in the nerves and fever in the blood—all arising simply from the fact that, from carelessness or custom, they are content to breathe an impure instead of a pure atmosphere. The foul air is pressing up against the ceiling to get out; the pure air is rushing round the building, trying to get in; but the exit of the one, and the entrance of the other, are prevented by the closing of every known aperture. Strictly speaking, every schoolroom should be built specially for the purpose, with a well-defined and carefully-arranged system of warming, lighting, and ventilating (for the larger proportion of inmates to the space calls for a much larger provision in these respects than any ordinary dwelling-room): and the time is not far distant when parents will be unwilling to trust their children to any other. But much of the existing evil arising from defective ventilation may be obviated by profiting, to the fullest extent, by the ordinary channels of doors and windows and flues, in the manner I have already recommended when speaking of the nursery;¹ and, where the pupils are numerous, and the schoolroom large, by having ordinary ventilating windows opened in places where they would act most effectively.

¹ Article “Management of the Nursery,” in *Macmillan's Magazine*, No. 30.

In England, water is almost as plentiful and as easily obtained for all sanitary purposes as air, but it must be confessed, is almost as much neglected as an agent of health. How seldom do we find a school with proper provision for bathing. From the beginning of the half-year to the end of it—too often from one year's end to another—does the schoolboy dress himself, day after day, without any attempt to cleanse his skin from the impurities which are hourly accumulating upon it. In some schools the younger boys are washed in warm water once a week, while the elder are left to their own inclinations; and, provided their hands and faces are clean, nothing more is expected, nothing more is desired, and for nothing more has provision been made. Is it not possible to have a lavatory attached to every school, to which the boys could go straight from their dormitories, returning thence after their rapid and brief immersion? The time would be altogether inconsiderable; a few minutes would suffice for the entire operation. The trouble would be equally so; for the single attendant, to see that the established rules and regulations for its government were duly observed, might be one of the ordinary domestics of the establishment; and the expense would almost be limited to the original expense of the bath.

Where a river or inland stream is situated at a convenient distance from the school, open-air bathing may be carried on in the summer months with great advantage. The freshness of the water, the pleasantness of its temperature, and the freedom of motion both in the stream and on its banks, are all advantages over the house-bath. With young boys, however, the bulk of water, the difficulty of maintaining a footing, and the natural fear of drowning, are all apt to be difficulties at first, and will sometimes call for much care and patience. In taking a boy to the river the first object should be to give him confidence; let him be sure that no tricks will be played him; and, where several boys are bathing together, this will require watchfulness. With these

precautions, a boy may be taken to the river at a very early age, and may learn to swim not very long after he has learned to walk. This is a great gain in other points of view than the sanitary one; for swimming is an art, a difficult art—an art requiring much time, and much practice, and much attention—and, unless learned in boyhood, is seldom or never well learned; and, besides the safety and comfort which the power of swimming with ease bestows, it is one of those exercises which cultivate courage and self-confidence in a high degree. I have myself succeeded in teaching boys to swim, and swim well, as early as the sixth or seventh year.

Speaking in general terms, there is no fault to be found with the dress of the schoolboy; it gives sufficient warmth, and admits of complete freedom of movement. Indeed, it is only in the nursery that much evil from improper clothing is incurred. Get the child out of the nursery, get him away from mamma, and he is safe. Whence the danger? It arises from the most amiable of qualities—the love and pride of the parent in and for her darling; the ever-living solicitude for the comfort and beauty of the child, without perceiving in this respect what constitutes either the one or the other; the unsubduable desire to dress it, decorate it, beautify it, up to and beyond the received standard of fashion, that it may outshine and eclipse all other children, and become the observed of all child-observers—although such fashion be the unmeaning device of some ignorant tailor or milliner. But the schoolboy is emancipated from this slavery; the tailor has no powers in the playground. No man-milliner holds jurisdiction in nook or corner of that little healthy republic. Let him make the essay, let him hang on any boy's back a coat, in shape, colour, or material, chosen for ornament and not for use, and it will soon be laid where Raleigh's was—in the mud.

The allotment of the hours of study is, in general, well-chosen, well-distributed, and not exceeding the capacity of a healthy boy. In summer an hour's

study before breakfast may be safely undertaken, but in winter it should not be attempted. Let the body be invigorated by the morning meal, and warmed by a favourite game before the brain-work begins. For this is to be the effort of the day: two or three consecutive hours are to be given to mental toil, unbroken, uninterrupted, save by such break and interruption as may be obtained in passing from one kind of lesson to another, and in alternating the difficult and irksome with the easy and pleasant—an important point which should never be lost sight of. Some time should be given to recreation before dinner, and a clear hour, at the least, should invariably be allowed to elapse after dinner before the lessons are resumed. The drowsiness so often felt during the afternoon lessons arises entirely from the fact that digestion is still being actively carried on. The master must use the large discretionary power reposed in him for directing the evening's occupations. Five or six hours of mental task-work is as much as any young brain can with advantage undergo; but—inasmuch as mere idleness is as fatiguing and as injurious as labour—when the work of the day is considered ended with the afternoon lessons, pursuits may be devised and encouraged which will give occupation to the mental faculties without straining them; care being taken when they are followed by artificial light, that it is abundant and well-placed. Nothing is so destructive to young eyes as feeble, uncertain, or badly-distributed light.

In an excellent school, with which I am acquainted, the work begins, summer and winter, at eight o'clock, and is carried on till one, an interval of an hour being given from ten till eleven. A single hour is given to study in the afternoon, and an hour and a half in the evening completes the day's work. The younger boys are forbidden access to the schoolroom except during the school-hours—an arrangement which goes far to ensure the proper employment of the play-time, and, as there is plenty of competition going on, very much in-

creases the attention and energy which the little fellows bestow upon their work at the appointed hours. The half-holidays, with both seniors and juniors, are devoted entirely to recreative exercises.

We sometimes find a master permitting, and parents encouraging, a child to devote himself entirely to his studies, and stimulating him by every means in their power to do so, even during the hours set apart for relaxation and exercise. The folly of this is so blind, the sin of it so great, that I would say it ought to be viewed as a delinquency punishable by law, did it not so surely bring of itself a punishment upon all concerned, more severe than any judicial court would, for pity, inflict. The discomfiture of the master's expectations, the annihilation of the parents' hopes, and the utter helplessness and hopelessness of the poor boy's break-down—for break down he must and will, and, once down, be ever after liable to a like fall, however firmly he may seem to have regained his feet—are most pitiable. Not unfrequently the coming disaster is perceived before it reaches actual catastrophe, and then parents, in consternation, are very apt to fly to the opposite extreme. The boy is hurriedly taken from school, all books are removed, all study is forbidden; from that which was his sole occupation he is entirely debarred. What is he to do? Lounge about, listless, purposeless, regretful, a weariness and trouble to himself and to every one about him. This error is scarcely less than the first. If we have gone astray we must retrace our steps footmark by footmark, and they will bring us again to the right track. If on the first indication of the boy's health giving way he had been gently, but firmly, led to apply the hours set apart for recreation and exercise; and, had these, as they became palatable, been augmented, the lost balance might have been restored. Parents are necessarily most anxious for their children's education; a boy's future career, his whole course of life, probably depends upon it, but this is not the way to secure it. Bend the bow till the string

touch the ear, but when the arrow is sped let the bow be unstrung, or the flight of the next arrow will be feeble, and the next more feeble still, for the elasticity and spring of the bow itself has been impaired by your neglect; neither let us forget that it was fashioned from a green and but a sapling yew.

Let it not be from this inferred that I would undervalue the purely mental work of schools, nor let it be for a moment imagined that I would advocate a less active, a less earnest, pursuit of it. On the contrary, it is because I value it at its highest price, and because I would sustain in their most ardent efforts its youthful votaries, and enable them in the aftertime to reap to the full the fruit of their labours, that I plead for a more discriminating indulgence in occupations purely mental and sedentary at this period of life. For there is no error more profound, or productive of more evil, than that which views the bodily and mental powers as antithetical and opposed, and which imagines that the culture of the one must be made at the expense of the other. The truth is precisely the reverse of this. In the acquirement of bodily health, mental occupation is a helpful, indeed a necessary, agent. And so impressively has this been proved to me that, in cases where the acquisition of bodily health and strength was the all in all desired by the parent, and the one thing longed for by the child (and in some cases almost despaired of by myself), I have been careful to allot and mark out a proportion of mental with bodily occupation. For what task, what toil, is so dreary as play, play, and only play, to an intelligent child? What boy can, so to speak, amuse himself for ever? Nothing is more true than the old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," unless it be its own counterpart, that "All play and no work makes him duller still."

The little colourless bookworm stands high in a leading form—a form seldom reached by a well-grown healthy lad of his years—and master and usher unite in holding him up as an example to the

school, and point him out with pride to every visitor. But every sensible man feels for him but commiseration, and views him but as a warning; for he looks from the boy to the man, and from the schoolroom to the outer world, with its rude encounter and its stern prolonged struggle, and he sees how unfit are such a form and such habits for the task. A warning, too, which urges less considerate minds to an opposite extreme! "My boy shall cultivate his *body*," says an astonished but not admiring Paterfamilias; and the resolve is a wise one, for well worth cultivating are the varied powers of the human body; and beautiful it is, and wonderful as beautiful, to watch the fair and free development of the frame of a shapely child; but the emphasis on the terminating word was meant to indicate that an exclusive culture should be given to the body, and that its twin-sister, its co-ordinate companion, the mind, would be left to shift for herself—disowned, excluded from her rightful share in the educational inheritance.

Now this must be all error—error arising from ignorance of our very selves. Mind and body should be viewed as the two well-fitting halves of a perfect whole, designed in true accord mutually to sustain and support each other, and each worthy of our unwearied care and unstinted attention; to be given with a fuller faith and more reverent trust than those which would argue that He who united in us our twofold nature made them incompatible, inharmonious, opposed. No, no; even blind and blundering man does not yoke two oxen together to pull *against* each other; mind and body can pull well together in the same team.

But it is not alone in this negative form, by exemption from extreme mental efforts, that the growth and development of the schoolboy is secured. Active bodily exercise at regular and frequent intervals must be obtained, and for this special provision must be made, with as serious a purpose as for any school duty. It must be at once admitted that the importance of exercise is, broadly

speaking, fully recognised by school-masters; and, if ample accommodation has not yet been provided for it, this is to be attributed rather to the as yet but partially comprehended nature of the requirement than to any lack of will to meet it. They know from the best of all sources, practical experience, that, unless boys have abundant play-time and play-space the tone and energy of mind and body sink, and the school-work suffers; and therefore an ample playground and a liberal allowance of play-hours are held as important as a commodious schoolhouse, a well-supplied table, or a good system of teaching.

The staple of the half-holiday school exercises are football and cricket, the one dividing the year with the other.

Football, for the healthy and strong, is an excellent exercise; but for the young or weak it is altogether unsuitable and dangerous—not only when they are mingled in the same game with the strong, but absolutely so when playing by themselves; for the exertion, the effort, the strain, is where they are least able at this age to sustain it—in the abdomen, groin and loins.¹ And where strong and weak, light and heavy, are mingled together, the evil is greatly increased; for if the player be but fairly endowed with what we all believe to be the birthright of our boys—pluck—the weakness of his muscles, the looseness of his joints, and the exposedness of his shin-bones, will never be taken into his reckoning when the ball is in view; indeed, his rashness will probably be in an inverse ratio to his strength, as his

nervous excitability will be to his muscular development. This game, when played by young boys, should always be under the superintendence of a master or monitor, because of its comparatively inartistic and skilless character, causing it to depend mainly on the strength, weight, and daring of the player.

Cricket is an exercise of a very different character. Strength, daring, and weight, are not among its requisites; the strong and the weak may here safely enter the lists together; it is altogether a game of skill and dexterity—quick eye, ready hand, and fleet foot. It would be difficult to devise a game better fitted for half-holiday recreation; and, as I have had occasion before to remark, the man who invented cricket as surely deserves a statue to his memory as he who won Waterloo. For the grand old warrior, in the evening of his days, with a glistening eye and trembling lip, confessed, as he watched the Eton boys scoring their innings in *their* field—the field that led to his—“It was here that Waterloo was won.”

It is delightful to see with what aptitude and love cricket has been adopted by our schools of all degrees, in town and country. It contains just that amount of exertion, diluted by that amount of rest, which it is desirable to give to boys in a sport extending over several hours, with just sufficient vagueness in its laws and regulations to free them from irksomeness in their observance, to give justification to their semi-fulfilment, and yet to have the law “o’ our side,” with an ample margin for that necessary ingredient in all boys’ pastimes—disputation. It is pleasant to see the real skill and undoubted dexterity with which the “big fellows” knock the balls about in a cricket-match; but I love still better to witness the early efforts of the little embryo cricketer—the exuberant display of unrequired resources—the prodigal expenditure of strength on acts rightly requiring the slightest effort—the uncheckable and unsubduable enthusiasm at the slenderest point gained—the redoubled resolution, heroic and defiant, to retrieve all

¹ Among the numerous cases of hernia which have come under my notice, caused by this game, I have traced the greatest number, not to over-exertion, or to any collision or bodily encounter with an antagonist, but to the circumstance of missing the ball, of hitting nothing, on a violently aimed kick; the strain on the lower region of the abdomen being, in such cases, very severe and closely localized, and altogether unexpected. The shock is analogous to that experienced in making a false step down a stair—with this difference, that in the latter instance it is a step made without effort, and in the former it is a blow made with the whole concentrated force of the body.

disasters and mishaps at the next innings. A man may get but little real exercise from cricket, but a boy *will* have exercise out of it in one form or another: he runs when, for all purposes of the game, he might be walking—jumps when he might be standing still—is practising leap-frog with the nearest fielder when he should be keeping a look-out for a catch. On the slightest occasion for approval, condemnation, or applause, his voice is ready. In bowling it is difficult to say what he aims at—the wicket or its keeper's legs, and as he enjoys the hitting of the one as much as the other, it would be uncharitable to suppose he has any partiality either way. In batting, if he does not swing himself off his legs, or throw away his bat in the uncontrolledness of his effort, he will get a good six runs for his blow. But fielding is his forte. What a slogan, what a war-dance, accompanies a catch! And the throw in—let his side be well content if the ball goes no farther beyond the wicket, than the distance from which he has thrown it; let them look sharp, too, about recovering it, for he issues his orders to that effect with the promptness and decision of a sea-captain in a gale of wind.

Hare and hounds, and paper-chases, are also excellent recreative half-holiday pastimes; but in these it is well for the master to form one of the pack. He should approve, if not select the ground—should determine the length of the race, and the pace at which it is to be run—should be ready to check undue effort, to stimulate the lazy or careless, to sustain the interest and to give importance to the whole. That master knows but one phase of the character of his boys who only sees them in school; he does but one half of his duty who only directs their studies: he who would know his boys entirely must be with them in all their undertakings.

But even these, in a climate so variable as ours, form but an inadequate and precarious provision for wants so important, and of such regular and frequent occurrence. The seasons and

states of weather which drive boys from their playground and deprive them of their exercise, are precisely those in which they need it most, *i.e.* in rainy or snowy weather, when the ground is wet and everything on which the hand can be laid is cold and repellent. The close relation which the human body bears to surrounding objects is at no time more clearly shown than now; for, while the cold surfaces with which it comes in contact check the pleasurable action of the nerves, and retard circulation, the dampness of the air alike impedes respiration by the lungs, and transpiration by the skin; all the organs supporting the vital powers labour under the same want for that which is necessary at all times, but urgently so amid vapour and damp—exercise. These, too, are the times when colds are caught—while the boys crowd together in the doorways and windows, unemployed, restless, irritated, missing the physical employment expected, rendering themselves unfit for the mental ones yet to be performed.

What is wanted for every school, in addition to its ordinary playground and field for summer half-holiday sports, is a covered-in playground proportionate in size to the extent of the school. Such a structure might be erected at a trifling expense, with an asphalt or gravel floor, wooden walls and felt roof, fit alike for the hot midday of summer, the dripping afternoon of autumn, and the long winter evening. Let no attempt be made to fit it up with any form of gymnastic apparatus; nothing can be put up in it which would be either useful or safe without an efficient master. I hope in a future paper to show how a properly organized system of bodily training may be safely introduced into every private school in the kingdom; but, in the meantime, I would caution every one against the promiscuous use of any form of fixed apparatus whatever. I do so with an earnestness which I could only feel, and with an emphasis which I could only use, where the good to be obtained was, at best, trifling and uncertain, and

the evil to be hazarded great and undoubted. For what but evil can accrue from the untaught, undirected efforts of a group of boys—strong and weak, indiscriminately mingled—gathered around the cluster of perilous machines sometimes erected in a playground, and styled a gymnasium; the strong improvising tricks which have nothing to recommend them but their danger, the weak emulating the strong. And the evil which is most to be dreaded, namely, STRAINS, is precisely the very evil that should not occur—the very evil which, with properly administered gymnastics, *could* not occur; which, in my entire experience, and with the thousands of young and old, weak and strong, who have passed through my hands, has never in the smallest degree occurred—the very evil, in fact, which should be prevented from occurring in other exercises by the resultant benefits of these; because by them the parts liable to injury would be strengthened, and an inherited liability removed. For the universal law regulating growth and development is paramount here—the natural and suitable exercise strengthens, the false or undue exertion weakens and injures. I repeat—falls and broken bones are not the evils to be dreaded from these hazardous exertions. Falls are seen, and broken bones are mended; the thing to be feared is the strain from sudden, unregulated, or over-stimulated effort, an evil which at the time of its actual occurrence may never be known, or, if known, concealed, for the young have a dread of such incapacitating injuries; but which, concealed or avowed, understood or misapprehended, felt late or soon, will surely appear—it may be to mar the hope, and the happiness, and the usefulness of all the life to come.

I am urged to speak thus strongly on this point, because scarcely a week—sometimes, indeed, for weeks together, scarcely a day passes—without bringing me letters seeking to be informed of the cost of such apparatus, and requesting information to guide a carpenter in their construction; but amongst all these letters there is scarcely one in ten which

desires to be informed as to what exercises should be done upon them when erected, or how these should be administered. The plastic frames of growing boys must not be treated in this fashion; they are not things for amateurs to play with.

A very different view of the nature of such exercises was taken by the Military Authorities on adopting them into the army, where, it must be remembered, the learners are all full-grown, able-bodied men, who, after repeated medical inspection, have been reported free from flaw in constitution and physical organization. It is not on a few frail open-air erections that these men are receiving their physical education, but in schools constructed with the utmost care to embrace every sanitary advantage—dry, clean, warm, roomy, lofty, perfectly lighted, perfectly ventilated—with the soft prepared floor to receive them on every slip or mishap. For the construction of these buildings forms an integral part of the system, and has received from me, in all the minutiae of their design, as much care, and has been carried out with as much method and solicitude, as I have given to the preparation of the exercises themselves, or of the code of regulations and directions for their instruction and practice. There, in these gymnasia, the learners, at stated hours on stated days, assemble, and divide into small squads or classes of about a dozen men each; and each class, led by its certified instructor or monitor, the whole under the direction of an officer-superintendent, is conducted through a lesson, which, while it may be varied daily, ranges within one of the graduated courses of exercises composing the system; in which the difficulty of execution steadily increases, and culminates in the last: thus yielding to every learner exercise suited to his powers—thus ensuring that, while the instructor adheres to his book of instructions, neither teacher nor learner can err.

For, if in our day gymnastics mean anything—that is, anything worth the

serious thought of parent, teacher or child—they mean a gradual, progressive system of physical exercises, so conceived, so arranged, and so administered, that it will naturally and uniformly call forth and cultivate the latent powers and capacities of the body, even as the mental faculties are developed and strengthened by mental exercises and occupations—such a system as is carried out at Radley and at Magdalen College School—in which the exercises in their different stages of difficulty can be rendered alike suitable to the weak and to the strong, to the delicate and to the hardy; which will provide varied and suitable employment for the whole body, and for the whole body equally. The mere enumeration of these qualities shows at the same time the good obtainable from such a system, and the uselessness of the pseudo-gymnastics of which I have been speaking, where neither system nor discipline, teaching nor learning, teacher nor learner, exists.

I say again, let every schoolmaster forbid all such erections on his premises. The least artistic, the least attractive, the least valued of our playground games, yields a greater and a more certain good; all the recreative exercises put together do not aggregate a tithe of its dangers. I know that boys laugh at the word danger; I have never been able to con-

vince boys that there is danger in anything—and it is well for Old England that it is so; but it only increases the responsibility of those to whose charge they are committed—to whose keeping their future usefulness and happiness are entrusted.

Therefore, the covered playground which I have been speaking of is for a playground only, and is to be devoted to playground games alone. These have been invented by an intelligence as unerring as instinct, and are cultivated with a devotion which no other exercise can inspire, and with an energy which no other exercise will call forth, and which only boys of this age can exert or sustain. Who shall tell the time, or place, or origin of these games, which are never old, always attractive, always gratifying, practised through the years of schooltime, remembered from generation to generation; possessing little of art—little at any rate that a bystander would perceive or appreciate—yet defying science to produce or combine anything to supplant them or become substitutes for them. A woeful day for England would be that which saw their abandonment. The conflagration of her finest city, the wreck of her noblest fleet, the loss of her richest colony, would not tell so sadly on her destiny as the loss of her playground games.

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER X.—THE "ANGLO-SAXON" PARTY IN INDIA.

May 24, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—You gentlemen of England who stay at home in ease and a temperature of 45°, how little do you appreciate the full weight of the words, "contract law." You may have heard some bilious old gentleman in the warm corner of a railway-carriage descanting on the increased necessity for a contract law in India, with a vehemence and acrimony which appeared to you excessive and uncalled for. Perhaps at the

time you imagined that some personal motive induced him to advocate a more stringent act of breach of promise, in order to bind those young ladies who come out to Calcutta under the express understanding that they are to marry one man, but with the secret intention of marrying another. To us, however, who live and move in the valley of the shadow of the Development of the Resources of India, these baleful syllables have a far other significance. When

the passions of men are stirred and their interests at stake, they are seldom long about finding a subject on which to quarrel. The Anglo-Saxon party, who consider it essentially English to oppress the native, and the Anglo-Indian party, who consider it essentially English to protect him, have discovered the most convenient battle-ground in the question of a criminal contract law. The matter in dispute may be summed up in a few words. Among all nations, which enjoy the benefit of an enlightened and philosophical system of law, redress for the breach of a contract must, in the great majority of cases, be sought by means of a civil suit. The Anglo-Saxon party ardently desire an act which shall punish breach of contract as a crime, which shall deal with the defaulter as if he were a thief or a smuggler. Their opponents are of opinion that no reason exists for subverting the principles of jurisprudence which, in their eyes, hold good in India as in old times they held good in Athens, in Rome, in Byzantium; as they now hold good in Germany, in France, in England.

Now the clamour for a criminal contract law arose out of the Indigo disturbances, and the result of such a law would be to give the planter a hold upon the ryots which would in practice render them little better than his slaves. For, unfortunately, the Hindoo mind is not firm enough to resist the temptation of a few ready rupees; and the peasant proprietor, in consideration of a small advance in cash, will engage himself to supply indigo at a price which cannot adequately repay his labour and outlay. The poor wretch soon begins to be aware that he has made a most disadvantageous bargain; and, after a great deal of grumbling and hesitation, he sows his land with other crops, the produce of which will keep his family from starving. When the time comes for fulfilling his part of the contract he brings in no indigo at all, or less than the stipulated amount, trusting that the landlord will be deterred from seeking redress by the expense and annoyance

of a civil suit. Hereupon the planter, naturally enough, considers himself a very ill-used man, abuses Sir Charles Wood, Sir John Peter Grant, and the majority of the supreme council, and declares that he and his class have been sacrificed to the laziness and cupidity of the nigger. It never occurs to him that the root of all the evil is his own eagerness to make money, which will not permit him to offer the ryot a fair price for his commodities. In the district of Shahabad, on a rough computation, there are not less than fifty thousand ryots who grow opium. The collector and magistrate of the district informed me that during his tenure of that office only one of these fifty thousand had been brought before him for having neglected to fulfil his contract, and that one was acquitted. Is it not as plain as a proposition of Euclid, and a great deal plainer than some, that the ryots who undertake to grow opium fulfil their engagements because the Government pays them a remunerative price for their opium; and that the ryots who undertake to grow indigo fail in their engagements because the planter pays them for their indigo a price which is not remunerative? Why do the peasants regard as a blessing the privilege of sowing opium, and the obligation to sow indigo as a curse? Because they cultivate the former crop to the profit both of themselves and the Government, and the latter to the profit of the planter and their own most certain loss.

An able writer, in the *Indian Empire*, makes the following very just remarks: "The ryot deals fairly with the European in everything but indigo. The planter has only to make indigo as profitable to the ryot as he has already made silk and sugar, and, if he then finds the ryot dishonest, if he then finds that the ryot takes advances only for the purpose of defrauding the planter, he may then, and not till then, fairly come to Government for protection, and ask for a contract law. We know well the planter's answer, 'for we have had it made to us more

"than once: 'It will not pay us to offer better terms for indigo.' In other words, indigo, to pay the planter, must be ruinous to the ryot. Indigo, to pay the planter, must be grown at the ryot's own proper risk, and sold to the planter at a price about three or four hundred per cent. below its marketable value. Indigo, in short, to pay the planter, must yield a profit unknown to other speculations; whilst all that it yields to the ryot is ruin, oppression, and despair."

The ryot keeps faith towards the silk-planter and the sugar-planter, towards the opium-agent, towards the trader in jute and safflower. In the case of indigo, and of indigo alone, he is a dishonest, rascally, greedy nigger. If he does not deserve these epithets, it would surely be the height of cruelty to pass a law for the special purpose of oppressing and degrading him. If he is, indeed, such as the planters describe—if the peasant who grows indigo necessarily becomes a knave and a liar, then what can be more unjust and immoral than to put into the hands of the very men whose unscrupulous love of gain has made him what he is, a weapon by which they may visit on him those vices and shortcomings, for the existence of which they have only themselves to thank? A special act for the enforcement of indigo contracts, under the criminal law, would bear most severely on a class who are already sufficiently miserable from the consequences of their short-sighted folly, and from the hard dealing of men who are enabled by shrewdness, prudence, and the possession of a little capital to turn that folly to their own advantage.

The Anglo-Saxon party are perfectly aware that it would be vain to ask for a special law relating to indigo contracts. They know well that such a suggestion would not be entertained for a moment by a generation which has read Bentham and John Stuart Mill. They, therefore, take a wider ground. They demand a penal act which shall enforce the fulfilment of all contracts, of whatsoever nature, and they base that demand upon

the low state of morality among the Hindoos, which, in commercial dealings, destroys all confidence between man and man. In fact, they advocate an enactment of which the preamble is to be a declaration, that honesty and self-respect are at such a discount in this country that the law must watch over the farmer and the artisan as at home it watches over the garrotter and the skittle-sharper. More than one old fable tells how the gods loved to punish the presumption of mortals by granting their prayers to the letter. Let the Anglo-Saxon party have what they ask, and make the most of it. Give them their criminal contract law, and let them enjoy it to the full.

"Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Di faciles."

Some of the greatest houses in Calcutta would be the first to cry out against the iniquity of a statute which applied to commercial transactions of the nineteenth century a rude and barbarous system of restrictions and penalties.

For observe what the nature of such a statute must be. If one of the contracting parties has received a consideration and subsequently fails wilfully to perform his part of the contract, he is liable to be punished as a criminal. An ensign orders a suit of clothes. He obtains the goods, and in so doing receives a consideration. As time goes on the tailor duns him without success, and at length, in a moment of irritation, determines to have recourse to the strong arm of the law. He ascertains that the young spark has bought a race-horse or paid a debt of honour with the money which should have gone towards discharging his account. The wilful breach of contract is thus established to the satisfaction of the court, and the unfortunate officer has his hair cropped, and is put on a course of rice and hard labour. An insolvent debtor must have been cautious indeed if his creditor could not find means to convict him of wilful breach of contract. If such a law were to come into action, the community would be agitated by a series of petty acts of social tyranny. The prisons

would be gorged with clergymen and captains and esquires. Convicts, with the Victoria Cross on their breast, would be breaking stones along the Grand Dawk Roads; collectors and commissioners, during their visits to the district reformatories, would be pestered by their predecessors with complaints of the bad ventilation of the cells, and the stupidity and importunity of the chaplain; and jail inspectors would learn, by experience, whether the alimentary and fat-producing elements in grain are in the proportion of 15 or 14.37892872. Nor would this be all. Such a law would, in the hands of rival speculators and merchants, become a terrible engine of mutual annoyance and molestation. No one, who observes the bitter jealousies so frequent in the commercial world, can doubt that there are times when men would stick at nothing which could damage or ruin a trader or company of traders whose interests are directly opposed to their own. Calcutta has but lately been convulsed with the feuds and scandals which seem indigenous to all transactions in Turkey red yarn.

"*Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*"

The Turkey red yarn establishments are at war, and the Anglo-Indians of Chowringhee are to suffer for it. Conceive such a trenchant sword as a criminal contract law in the grasp of the hostile Paladins of Dhurumtollah and the Old Court House Road! Heaven preserve us from such a reign of commercial terror! Heaven preserve us from such a device for restoring confidence between man and man! Could the dispossessed ryot pray for a more complete and appropriate retribution than that the great Anglo-Saxon race should experience for some six months the blessings of a criminal contract law of their own devising?

Another very serious objection to the proposed act is the increased expense which would thereby be thrown upon the public resources. For, whereas the costs of a civil suit come from the pockets of the individual litigants, the costs of a criminal trial are defrayed by

the State. Now the public money is well spent in repressing crimes of theft and violence; but it may be questioned whether it might not be put to a better use than that of frightening young civilians into paying for their buggies, and enabling Baboo Matterjee Bookerjee the money-lender to wreak his vengeance upon Baboo Kissory Mullick the horse-dealer, or upon Muggins and Box the tobacco-nists, appraisers, and general dealers in ironmongery and *bijouterie* on the north side of Tank Square. Above all, it is not well that the proceeds of the land-tax which has been paid by the sweat of the ryots of Bengal should be expended to assist their landlord and employer to fling them into gaol by whole villages at a time.

So blind is rapacity, so short-sighted is the hatred of class against class, that the men who most eagerly push forward the contract law do not perceive that such a law would entirely defeat the end which they have most at heart. Their aim and object is to procure indigo at an unnaturally low price, by forcing the ryots to fulfil a contract in which all the advantage is on one side. Those who best understand the native character, who have studied that character by other lights than those of covetousness and prejudice, are convinced that the effect of a criminal contract law must inevitably be that the peasants will refuse to make any engagement whatsoever. The Hindoo is constitutionally timid and suspicious, and has a most religious horror of any transaction which can bring him within the grasp of the Penal Code. However favourable the terms may be, he will steadily refuse to bind himself to any agreement the violation of which will entail instant and certain punishment. The planter will find to his cost that a contract partially fulfilled is better than no contract at all. The imperfect civilization of India, the poverty of the ryots, the want of a class of trustworthy, substantial middlemen, render indispensable the system of petty contracts and small advances in cash. The Government cannot get opium unless it advances a portion of

the price; and, until the condition of Bengal and Bahar is very different from what it is at present, the planter must go without his indigo, unless he can induce the peasant-proprietor to conclude an engagement to supply a certain quantity of the commodity in consideration of a few rupees paid down on the nail. Now upon an engagement of that nature no genuine Bengalee, in his wildest dreams, will dare to enter, if once a criminal contract act comes into effect. Should our rulers be cajoled or bullied into passing such an act, the indigo-planters themselves would be the first to suffer. But the evil would not stop with them. There would ensue a rapid and complete demoralisation of the whole community. Confidence and good faith would soon disappear under the influence of an untoward and inauspicious law which thought fit to ignore their existence; and, when confidence and good faith had been expelled the land, it would go hard indeed with the development of the resources of India.

The Anglo-Saxon party take good care to bring into prominent notice the fact that some ancient Acts of the nature of a criminal contract law are still in force in England. They lay most stress upon the statute which, under certain circumstances, gives a magistrate the right of sending to prison for a short period agricultural labourers who have broken an engagement with their employers. Now it is true enough that such a statute exists, but it is as obsolete as the statute which forbids Oxonians to wear any clothes but those of a subfusc hue. Some six or eight years ago two countrymen in the employment of a country parson (whose name may have been Trulliber, and may not), were tempted from their work by a review in a neighbouring town. The magistrates put the law in force against these unlucky clodhoppers, and were rewarded by being laughed at and abused in every newspaper, from the *Times* downwards. Public opinion expressed itself in such unmistakeable terms that, since that day, no justice has been found "Shallow" or bucolic

enough to revive the odious enactment. Nevertheless, the vast and silent strength of the landed interest has hitherto succeeded in obtaining that the law shall not be expunged from the Statute-book. Because, however, a bad law in England, which has already been virtually abrogated by general consent, has not been annulled by Act of Parliament, is that any reason for enacting a still worse law in India? Because the Statute-book at home is not always as wise as the voice of the people, is that any reason for defacing the noble and philosophical Penal Code—the greatest and most undoubted benefit of all which we have conferred upon our Eastern possessions.

It must not be forgotten that, in those cases in which breach of contract is still visited as a crime by English law, the defaulters are supposed to have compromised the general weal. Thus sailors who desert from a merchant-vessel are liable to punishment, because the safety of the ship, the crew, and the cargo is endangered by their dereliction of duty. The law relating to agricultural labourers traces its origin to a time when the idea prevailed that the existence of the country depended on the supply of food; when it was supposed that a strike among her ploughmen and hedgers would be as fatal to England as a mutiny among her seamen to an East-Indiaman or a Greenland whaler. Now, could the editor of the *Hurkaru* himself lay his hand on his Anglo-Saxon heart, and declare that the well-being and security of our Eastern dominions are in peril because European landholders must go into open market for their indigo? Have we fought Plassey and Sobraon in vain, and in vain besieged Bhurtpore and Mooltan, as long as the planters of Jessore are forced to give the ryot an honest price for his crop? Let them imitate their brethren of Tirhoot, and deal justly and kindly by the native cultivators, instead of whining and blustering because the Government will not help them to buy indigo cheap and sell it at an extravagant profit.

The anti-native press is very fond of

insinuating that our countrymen at home are in full enjoyment of that criminal contract law which has been so heartlessly denied to oppressed and slighted India. They do not dare directly to affirm that this great boon has been granted to the British Isles, but their columns teem with statements which can only be explained on such a supposition. For instance :—

"Thomas Jones, builder, of Paddington, must stand by his contract, or the law of England will want to know the reason why ; but Gopaul Goorkeewallah, of Burdwan, is of a different order, and requires different treatment. He has no intention of defrauding anybody. He takes money in the innocence of his heart for the express purpose of performing certain work, and then, in equal innocence, spends it in other ways. But he means no harm : it is all innocence, and any interference with him would be tyranny in the eyes of the Rev. Mr. Blowhard Stiggins, who has just sued the Congregational Synod for salary agreed upon, but not paid."

Now if this precious extract means anything at all, it implies that the condition of a defaulting contractor in Paddington is different from that of a defaulting contractor in Burdwan. Unless the whole paragraph is utter nonsense, it signifies that Thomas Jones may be punished as a criminal for breaking his engagement, while Gopaul Goorkeewallah can only be touched by means of a civil suit. Either the writer must be strangely ignorant, or he must have a very low opinion of the good sense of his readers. Again, why drag in the private circumstances of Mr. Blowhard Stiggins ? If the poor man has been hardly used by the Congregational Synod, he surely has a right to bring a civil action against that body, whatever his opinions may be concerning the advisability of punishing breach of contract by a criminal law. Happily the subscribers to the Calcutta journals are not quite such fools as the editors seem to imagine.

The supporters of the contract law are for ever harping on a string which

is singularly rotten and unmelodious. They affirm that the predilection for the Hindoo population at home is supported by "the restless intrigues of a few angry missionaries touting for the signatures of benevolent noblemen and gentlemen, and working Exeter-hall." They sang a triumphant "Te Diabolum" in anticipation of the misery which was about to be inflicted upon our Oriental fellow-subjects by a vote of the Imperial Parliament. Sir Charles Wood was to be bullied and snubbed as an example to all future Indian Ministers. "His refusal of a law for the punishment of criminally of fraudulent breaches of contract," was to be "combated in Parliament, after the Easter recess, by a powerful opposition, supported by the whole mercantile community" (including, of course, the Kinnairs and the Buxtons, and other great houses which have been so distinguished by their consistent hatred and contempt for everything with a black skin), "and by every man who has any knowledge of India and her true wants ;" that is to say, by Sir John Lawrence, Sir Edward Ryan, and John Macpherson Macleod. We all know what this came to. There is just as much likelihood that the Commons of England will stigmatize Sir Charles Wood for setting his veto on the Contract-law, as that they will censure Lord Hartington for neglecting to have every private in the British army flogged once a week. In spite of all the jokes about thin Houses, and counting out, and tedious, returned nabobs, the fact is that the people of England take a good working interest in Indian matters. But that interest in the mass of our countrymen is confined to two points. There exists a strong desire to witness the vast productive resources of the East developed to the highest possible point, and a fixed determination to do our duty by the children of the soil. And the latter sentiment is, in the long run, the mightier of the two. Englishmen would be very glad to see the quays of Liverpool heaped with bales of Bombay cotton, but they had far rather behold

the continent of India covered with a thriving, intelligent, free population, who owe to our just and enlightened sway the blessings of civilization, of education, of liberty. Those who need sympathy in their struggle against the rights of the Hindoo, must go elsewhere than to St. Stephen's or to the hustings. They should learn to apply at the right places; at the Vatican, for instance, or the palace at Potsdam, or the board at St. Petersburg, which takes into consideration the affairs of Poland. There are plenty of people of their way of thinking, if they only knew where to look.

And herein Mr. Laing made a great mistake. He appears to have imagined that materials existed in England from which a party might be formed powerful enough to oppose with success the traditional policy of the Home Government—that policy of which protection to the native forms the leading principle. During his residence in Calcutta he had been accustomed to hear the Hindoo, and the friends of the Hindoo, spoken of with contempt and dislike by the press and amongst the non-official society. Whenever he opened a newspaper or dined with a merchant, he was told that the prosperity of India was incompatible with any great display of tenderness towards the population of India. And so he gradually came to be convinced that in England, as out here, the official men and the missionaries were loud and eager enough in the cause of philanthropy, but that the commercial world in general had pretty well made up its mind that the interests of the Hindoo were in direct opposition to the interests of trade and manufacture. At any rate, if he was not fully convinced of this, the planters and their friends were fully convinced of it for him. These gentlemen regarded Mr. Laing as their chosen warrior, sent home to do battle in the holiest and most profitable of causes. To read their effusions you would have supposed that all the capitalists of the Northern counties were ready and eager to place themselves at the disposal of Mr. Laing;

that Lancashire had been yearning for the news of his arrival on British shores as the Sicilians yearned for the coming of Garibaldi in 1860. The moment he set foot in the House of Commons terror and dismay were to spread through the ranks of the philanthropists. Lord Stanley was to collapse at once; Mr. Baring was to shake in his official shoes; and Sir Charles Wood himself, that brazen colossus which has one foot in Westminster and another in Chowringhee, was to topple over at the first breath of the Anglo-Saxon champion, and crush, in its fall, the fond hopes of every damned nigger from the Doab to the Sunderbunds.

Mr. Laing himself, who knew something more than did his ardent clients of the temper of the English people and the English senate, was well aware that there was something ludicrous in the notion of the planting interest, unsupported and alone, marching to attack Sir Charles Wood in his own stronghold. It would be idle to stand on the floor of the House, and bawl about the "English name" and the "Traditional Policy of the Civil Service." These arguments were all very well in Cossitollah, but there was grave reason to fear that men who listened twice a week to Gladstone might fail to perceive their force. Indigo, after all, was a weak card, and it became necessary to strengthen his hands unless he was willing to throw up the game at once. The public mind being at the time absorbed in the distress of the Lancashire operatives, and ready to adopt any suggestion for their relief, why not judiciously contrive to mix up the contract law with the cotton question? Why not point out to the sufferers that some part, at least, of their misery arose from the unpatriotic obstinacy of the Secretary of State for India, who refused to sanction an Act on which depended the supply of cotton from Bombay? Why not rouse against the friends of the favoured Hindoo the indignation of the friends of the starving Englishman? Why not enlist under the righteous blue banner of the planters all the best as well as all the worst

passions of the human heart? The idea, however little else it had to recommend it, was at least ingenious, and Mr. Laing at once proceeded to carry it into effect. If he could succeed in convincing the Manchester men that their dearest interests were wrapped up in the success of the Criminal Contract Law, he would at once obtain the hearty services of a most efficient and numerous body of allies. In his celebrated pamphlet, entitled "England's Mission in the East," he says, under the head of "Contract Law":—

"The question of Criminal Contract Law was raised with little reference to that of indigo—which, as I have explained, had already passed into a different phase, that of rent—but much more with reference to the impending cotton crisis. It was felt that the more direct contract of the European buyer with the native dealer was the one thing needful to accelerate a large production of Indian cotton, and that some effort should be made by Government to remedy a state of things which raised almost insuperable obstacles to the introduction of such a system."

Again:—

"As far as India is concerned, it is, perhaps, of little importance, for it is only a question of a few years, more or less, and ready money will ultimately make its way. But it cannot be denied that Lancashire has suffered, for it is clearly proved that the establishment of European agencies in the interior, some months ago, to make advances for the cotton crop now growing, would have been the only practical means of greatly accelerating the period of a large supply of Indian cotton; and it is equally clear, after such a declaration as that of the Hon. Mr. Scott, one of the first merchants in Bombay, in the Legislative Council:—'That his firm had tried the experiment for eight years, and given it up after a heavy loss, owing to the impossibility of enforcing contracts;' that the Liverpool and Manchester merchants cannot justly be blamed for failing to

"do what a better law of contracts could alone have rendered possible."

Observe the peculiar nature of this reasoning: "As far as India is concerned,"—Mr. Laing admits that there exists no necessity for overthrowing the fundamental principles of jurisprudence—"it is only a question of a few years, more or less, and ready-money will ultimately make its way"—that is to say, in India, as everywhere else, men will get the commodities of the land if they choose to offer a just and fair price. "But it cannot be denied that Lancashire has suffered"—alas! indeed it cannot. But are we, on that account, to inflict upon the whole continent of India a coercive law which, three lines above, the most able supporter of that law has declared to be unnecessary? And an unnecessary coercive law is among the most fatal scourges under which a country can suffer. Mr. Laing recommends us, as a remedy for the temporary distress of Lancashire, to pass a measure which otherwise is not required, and which is inconsistent with true theories of government and commerce. Can Mr. Laing, on his faith as a political economist, as the countryman of Adam Smith and Macculloch, as the successor of Wilson, declare that he is of opinion that it is the duty of a ruler, in time of pressure, to have recourse to measures which are inconsistent with those theories? Is he, in the three capacities above mentioned, prepared to say that the Committee of Public Safety, in the agony of the French Revolution, were right when they named a minimum price for grain, and forced all farmers to empty their barns before a certain date? Is he, in those three capacities, prepared to say that the Plantagenets were right when, in order to encourage the declining home manufacture of cloth, they forbade, under terrible penalties, the exportation of English wool? Unless he will go as far as this, unless he is willing to swallow restrictive laws and fixed prices, and temporary measures by the bushel, I do not see how he is justified in advising us to palliate the present crisis by an enactment in itself

harsh, impolitic, and illogical—nay, to make the matter worse, to palliate a crisis in the affairs of Lancashire by an enactment, the melancholy consequences of which will fall entirely upon India. Does Mr. Laing imagine that the commerce and agriculture of the East are governed by other laws than the commerce and agriculture of European nations?—that the spirit of competition is dead beyond the Persian Gulf?—that high prices have no charms along the banks of the Jumna?—that, amidst the cotton plantations of Central India and the Vats of Bengal proper, the supply no longer tends to proportion itself to the effective demand with that creditable zeal which it displays in the coal districts of the Tyne and the factories of Blackburn?

However, it is not the case that “the question of a contract law was raised with little reference to that of indigo, but much more with reference to the impending cotton crisis.” When there is an agitation in favour of a particular measure, how do we ascertain what is the class with reference to which the question of that measure was raised? Surely by observing to what order of men belong the majority of the eager supporters of the proposed law, and with reference to the interests of what order of men the advisability of that law is most frequently discussed. Now, nine out of ten of the most prominent advocates of a criminal contract law are indigo planters, or friends of indigo planters, or men personally concerned in the prosperity of indigo planters. They are all more or less blue, though the blueness of some may be of a faint and almost celestial tint. Again, in nine out of ten of the leading articles in which the question of a criminal contract law is debated, allusion is made almost exclusively to the effect of such a law upon the fortunes of indigo. Every man who, to use the favourite expression of the Anglo-Saxon party, “has any knowledge of India and her true wants,” is perfectly aware that we might as well say that the question of protection had little reference to the

farming interest as that the question of a contract law has little reference to the indigo interest. Does Mr. Laing himself believe that, if he succeeded in obtaining a criminal contract law in which a special exception was made in favour of the ryots engaged in the cultivation of indigo, he would meet with any overwhelming amount of gratitude from the non-official society of India? Would he not at once become the most deadly and treacherous of all the enemies of the English name? Would he not almost supplant Sir Charles Wood in his character of Philindus, and quite supplant him in his character of Miso-Britannicus?

It is necessary to accept Mr. Laing's authority on these matters with the most extreme circumspection. In this same pamphlet he commits an error so gross, so palpable, and fraught with such singular consequences, that it is impossible to receive, with confidence, such a statement as that which he has put forward concerning the connexion between the contract law and indigo. I quoted his remark that the indigo question “had already passed into a different phase, that of rent.” He had explained this at length under the heading “Rent and Indigo Questions.” His account is as follows:—The English planter had once been “careless about rents, and let the ryot sit at the old and almost nominal rates, on the condition that he should grow indigo at a certain price.” Then came the disturbances. The ryot proceeded to repudiate his contracts, and refused to grow indigo. Hereupon the affair “passed into a new and more important phase, that of rent. The planters generally gave up their old contracts and advances as lost, and sought to indemnify themselves by raising their rent. The ryots, on the other hand, encouraged by their victory in the case of the indigo contracts, combined to resist all increase of rent.” “In this state of things,” he proceeds to say, “the party in the Bengal Government, favourable to the ryot, passed an act known as Act X. of 1860, with a view

"to strengthen his position, defining "more exactly his proprietary title." Was there ever a prettier story; one more neat and perfect in all its parts; one which it would be a greater pity to spoil by bringing to bear upon it the irresistible battery of fact? What should you say if I told you that this famous statute was not Act X. of 1860, but Act X. of 1859: that it became law, not "in this state of things, when "the indigo question had already passed "into a different phase, that of rent," but in the mid-heat and confusion of the indigo troubles? Yet so it is. This is no slip of the pen; no trifling confusion of dates. The whole gist of this important mass of statements depends on the substitution of '60 for '59. Is not such carelessness almost incredible? Here is a man who took a foremost part in the government of India during the years 1861 and 1862; not only a statesman and financier, but a lawyer of some note, who writes pages of weighty matter on the supposition that the most celebrated and momentous statute of 1859 was passed in 1860! And on such a hook as this he hangs a chain of reasoning with which he expects to refute the members of the Civil Service who know Act X. by heart with all its ins and outs, the causes which motived its introduction, and the consequences which it produced. More extraordinary still, the real Act X. of 1860 ought to have been as familiar to Mr. Laing as the 27th Article to the Bishop of Exeter; for that Act related to the Customs' duties upon various articles, and must have been frequently consulted by him as financial member of council when engaged in the composition of his budgets. A writer, who has been betrayed into so flagrant an inaccuracy, and who has grounded upon that inaccuracy the tenor of his remarks upon the rent question, must not be surprised if we hesitate to receive, as Gospel, his dictum concerning the contract law and the indigo question.

However much we may be disgusted and alienated by the unreasonable violence of the supporters of a contract

law, we must not, however, forget that there is a grievance at the bottom of every wide-spread agitation. A large body of men never agree to fill the universe with their complaints unless they have some genuine wrong to complain of. If we look closely into the matter, we shall find that the planters are not without serious and undoubted ground for discontent. In a country where the poverty of the cultivators necessitates a system of petty advances, it is most essential that every facility should be afforded to those who are obliged to have recourse to a court of law in order to bring to account a lazy or fraudulent neighbour and dependent. An indigo-planter who has dealings with several hundred ryots, as a matter of course, is constantly hampered by the idleness and improvidence of some of their number, and the knavery of others. Is he to take every individual case before a tribunal sitting in a station from which he is divided by sixty or eighty miles of road, which was in decent order before the Central Government took it in hand? He can spare neither the time, nor the money, nor the temper. He prefers to submit to the loss, and to reimburse himself the next season by driving harder bargains than ever all round the list of his tenants. Such being the case, the English settlers are justified in thinking themselves hardly used. Unfortunately, as men are apt to do under the circumstances, instead of endeavouring to obtain a natural and legitimate redress, they claim to be allowed to right themselves by wronging others. The watchword of their party should be, "Cheap and Speedy Justice." It is "a Criminal Contract Law, and damn the niggers!" The state of things in the Mofussil is not unlike that which existed in England before the institution of county courts. Then the proceedings for the recovery of small debts were so tedious and expensive that tradesmen frequently preferred to lose their money, and compensate themselves by charging exorbitant prices. The solvent customers thus suffered for the shortcomings of the in-

solvent, just as an honest ryot gets a lower price for his indigo because his worthless neighbour broke faith with their common employer. If small-cause courts were scattered broadcast over Bengal and Bahar, the planters would find to their surprise, and perhaps a little to their disappointment, that the difficulties of their position had been obviated by a remedy very different from that panacea for which they had clamoured so long and so loudly: the sting would be taken out of the excitement for the contract law; men would at times forget that they were members of the Anglo-Saxon race; Sir John Peter Grant would become a shade less black, and Sir Mordaunt Wells a shade less blue.

With reference to this subject, "England's Mission in the East" contains the following passage:—"The more simple and summary legislation can be made in such matters, the better suited it is for India. The people are naturally litigious, and the introduction of the intricacies of English law too often tends to foster this spirit, and to raise up a race of pettifogging village attorneys, who do infinite mischief. Perjury prevails to a frightful extent, and the law is too often looked upon as an instrument for enabling a man to resist just claims by special pleading and subornation of evidence. To meet these evils, laws in Eastern countries should be as far as possible simple and direct, and, above all things, consonant to the plain common sense and moral feeling of the community. Dishonesty, when palpable, should be punished criminally, and not left to the chance of a tedious civil process—dure."

Nothing can be more just than these premises, and nothing more unsound than this conclusion. The people of India are naturally litigious. They do take most kindly to the dirty part of English law. Perjury *does* prevail to a frightful extent, and law is too often looked upon as an instrument whereby a man may resist just claims. Therefore legislation *should* be simple, summary,

and consistent with the moral feeling of the community; and such the rulers of our Eastern dominions are doing their very best to make it. India is blessed with a criminal code, and codes of criminal and civil procedure, which make a plain Englishman's mouth water; and there is every prospect that before many years have elapsed she will possess a civil code, such as would satisfy even the author of "Orley Farm." But the remedy for a national tendency to litigation and perjury is not the criminal punishment of palpable dishonesty. A man who forswears himself in a civil suit will not speak the truth when he is placed at the bar as a criminal. Because Hindoo witnesses lie and shuffle, there is no reason that English legislators should neglect the principles of jurisprudence. "The intricacies of English law" may, perhaps, have raised up "a race of pettifogging village attorneys;" but a criminal contract law, introduced in defiance of the dictates of justice and good sense, would soon raise up a race of grinding village tyrants. Truly a noble and philosophical idea this of elevating the debased moral sense of a great people by means of an enactment which will degrade them below the level of the population of any civilized country, ancient or modern! Thank God, there are those who have formed quite another conception of England's Mission in the East! Thank God, there are those who have a higher opinion of our Indian fellow-subjects than to imagine that their commerce and agriculture must be regulated, not by the great principles of free competition and individual industry and self-respect, but by the hulks, the jail, and Dr. Mowatt's last revised system of prison diet!

By this time, my dear Simkins, you probably hate the name of "contract law" as much as the most constant reader of the *Bengal Hurkaru*. In order, however, that you may be enabled to appreciate to the full the feelings of that individual of awful experiences, you must be initiated in the mysteries of "waste lands." Know, then (and here again I take the liberty of quoting

Mr. Laing, the most clear and concise of pamphleteers), that, "taken roughly, we may say that one-third of the area of British India is waste land in the fullest sense of the word, which has never been colonized and occupied by the Hindoo or any other civilized race. This is the great area which is destined to become one of our chief sources of supply for tea, coffee, and other valuable colonial produce, benefitting vastly the native labourer as well as the English capitalist, by the extension of trade and the employment given at high wages."

By Lord Canning's resolution a certain price per acre was fixed for all waste land, whatever the quality. A capitalist who wished to buy any portion gave notice of his intention. The Government then announced that such and such lands were to be disposed of, and after the lapse of a month the purchaser paid his money, and took possession of the lot. Now the defects of this method of procedure are obvious. As all lands, bad and good, were sold at the same price, people bought up all the valuable soils at a price much below what they would have fetched in open market, and left the inferior lots on the hands of the state. Worse than this, a vast proportion of the best tracts were taken by land-jobbers, who afterwards disposed of them at their own price. Europeans, therefore, who were desirous of settling in India gained nothing but the very questionable advantage of paying to speculators the purchase-money, which ought to have gone into the pockets of the public. Again, the one month's notice was not long enough to satisfy the demands of equity. It often happened that persons who had an interest in lands advertised for sale were unable to put in their claim in time to prevent the alienation of their rights. A native proprietor who happened to be absent on business at Cocanda or Tanjore might receive the pleasing intelligence that a sharp broker from Calcutta or Delhi had applied six weeks previously for a couple of thousand acres on the frontiers of Oude, over which the cattle of his fathers

had browsed for generations past; and he might solace himself during his return home with the anticipation of finding a stranger comfortably in possession, perhaps with Mr. Rudd himself as his bailiff and right-hand man.

Sir Charles Wood was deeply impressed with the evils which had resulted, and were likely to result, from so faulty a system. He accordingly modified the resolutions of Lord Canning in a manner which, to unprejudiced eyes, displayed equal regard to the interests of the Treasury, the native population, and the European settler. For the fixed price he substituted sale by auction in open market, and thereby gave the land-jobbers a slap in the face which they can neither forgive nor forget. He extended the period of the notice from one month to three, and in so doing opened an additional account of hatred with those who saw in his conduct only another proof of his partiality for the nigger. And, because he has obeyed the imperious demands of humanity and sound policy, because he has acted as every disinterested and judicious statesman must have acted in the same conjuncture, he is reviled by the Calcutta papers in terms which would be harsh and shocking if applied to such rulers as Sejanus and Strafford. The editors of those papers seem to consider his behaviour in this matter as too palpably iniquitous to need any demonstration. Any allusion to "waste lands" is the text, not for argument and illustration, but for vulgar abuse and contemptible slander.

Here, again, a grievance actually exists, which will doubtless be speedily removed, and which would have been removed long before this if the aggrieved parties had made their complaint in a rational and intelligible strain, instead of scolding like old women whenever the subject is mentioned. By the Modified Resolutions lands cannot be sold until they have been surveyed, and the Government survey proceeds so slowly that persons who desire to purchase certain lots get those lots surveyed at their own expense. It sometimes happens that at the auction another

capitalist outbids them, and the expense of the survey thus becomes a dead loss. This oversight on the part of the Government is, however, hardly grave enough to justify the non-official society in joining the crusade of the land-jobbers against the home authorities. When men are blinded by their passions it is marvellous how low they will stoop for allies.

And now you have both the heads of the indictment brought by the Anglo-Saxon party against Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India—that he has vetoed the contract law, and that he has modified Lord Canning's resolutions concerning the sale of waste lands. Now you have the substance of the preamble to that bill of attainder which, if we are to believe the Calcutta press, will one day be unanimously voted by the Commons House of Parliament. Now you know why Sir Charles Wood is the most tyrannical, the most treacherous, the most unpatriotic; of all the great English statesmen who have had to do with India. And yet he is not alone in his shame. There are two rulers whom in their day the same men hated with the same hate, and reviled with the same unsparing ferocity. There are two names that share his infamy, and diminish the load of execration with which he is to be pursued through generations yet unborn, and those are the names of Lord Macaulay and Lord Canning. The first was guilty of the black and abominable design of raising the Hindoo to the rank of our fellow-citizen by equal laws equally administered. The second, traitor that he was, when the sword of vengeance was drawn and whetted, stepped forward to prevent the extermination of the accursed race. Sir Charles is a worthy member of such a triumvirate. He must console himself with the reflection that, as he partakes the aversion with which his two colleagues are still regarded by the Anglo-Saxon party, so he holds the same place as they in the hearts of the native population of India, in the good opinion of the misguided and ignorant people

of England. But all honour to that discerning and enlightened faction which did not fail to unmask and hold up to eternal reprobation the true characters of Macaulay and Canning!

Each member of this trio is arraigned at the bar of public opinion on a separate indictment. Each is accused of a crime peculiarly his own. The special charge brought against Sir Charles Wood is, that he offers every impediment to the development of the resources of India. Now it so happens that of all Indian ministers Sir Charles Wood has applied himself most eagerly and most exclusively to the advancement of the material prosperity of the country entrusted to his charge. The sums now appropriated for the furtherance of the productive public works far exceed those expended by his predecessors. And yet his call is still for more. More roads, more canals, more tramways, more Sir Arthur Cottons. Open more rivers; connect more trunk-lines; detach more engineers to this undertaking, and lay out more lacs on that other. All the daughters of the horse-leech together do not cry "Give! give!" louder than Sir Charles when the question is one which concerns the productive powers of our Eastern dominions. And this is the statesman the principle of whose policy is hostility to the development of the resources of India. This is the ruler but for whose determined opposition Bombay would be a second Carolina and Bahar—a more productive Jamaica. Satire itself is, generally speaking, careful, in the portraits which it etches, to preserve some resemblance to the originals. Though often unjust, it seldom is ludicrously and monstrously absurd. If the marked feature in the character of Cleon had been modesty the "Knights" would have been hooted off the stage. If Shaftesbury had been a timid unenterprising politician, Dryden would hardly have ventured to call him

"A daring pilot in extremity."

Punch does not give Louis Napoleon a snub nose, or adorn Victor Emmanuel

with the beak of an eagle. But the literary champions of the Anglo-Saxon party are not bound by the laws which regulate the ebullitions of satire, and even of burlesque. Their genius soars far above the realms of verisimilitude, and scorns the feeble bonds of probability.

Perhaps the strongest feeling in Macaulay's breast—so strong as almost to amount to a prejudice—was an intense love and admiration of his native land. He was pre-eminently an Englishman. In every page of his writings peeps out the proud consciousness that he was born and bred a Briton. Rapacity, cruelty, falsehood, he could forgive anything to a great Englishman who truly loved his country. His last and greatest work was a noble prose epic composed for the glorification of England. Nor was this mere idle talk. What he said of Lord Chatham was true of himself to the letter:—"He was in the strictest sense a patriot. He loved England as an Athenian loved the City of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills." Those who hold Lord Macaulay in the lowest esteem as a statesman; those who were most irreconcilably opposed to him on all vital questions, readily admit that he never allowed place, pelf, or popularity to count in the balance against the duty which he owed to England. And what he showed himself in his public life, such he was at all times and on all occasions. He loved to dwell on every fresh symptom of the increasing wealth and power and fame of England. He hailed with delight every event which gave the lie to those croakers who maintain that she is already in the course of decay. When on foreign travel, he would descant on the pleasure which he felt in reflecting that he was the citizen of no mean city, but of a mighty nation which knew how to make her sons respected in every corner of the inhabited world. Such was Macaulay, and, being such, what was the high crime and misdemeanour charged against him by the Anglo-Saxon party of his day? What was

his besetting sin in the judgment of the bitter foes of the native population of India? This—that he hated England with a deadly hatred; that his heart's desire and prayer was that it might be permitted to him in his generation to inflict some grievous blow, some indelible disgrace upon the English name. Sir Charles Wood may very well be content to be an enemy to the material prosperity of India in the same sense that Lord Macaulay was an enemy to the glory and well-being of England.

It appears, then, that Lord Macaulay and Sir Charles Wood will be acquitted by posterity of the indictments preferred against them. But it is far otherwise with Lord Canning. His crying sin is such as to admit of no defence. He was accused of mercy, of benevolence, of philanthropy; and his fondest admirers must allow that the accusation was well grounded. Time will only confirm the decision of the Calcutta press, which, after a fair hearing, convicted him of humanity and clemency, of having slaughtered with reluctance, and pardoned with pleasure. He may by this time have been found guilty of these crimes before quite another judgment seat.

Sir Charles Wood takes all that the *Hurkaru* gives him with great equanimity, and appears to imagine that the affection of the native population, the esteem of the civil servants of the Crown, and the approbation of public opinion at home compensate for the hostility of the Anglo-Saxon party. Extraordinary to relate, he believes it to be part of his duty to consult the interests of the hundred and eighty millions of our dark fellow subjects; and, more extraordinary still, he is desirous of winning their regard, and expresses great satisfaction at the consciousness that his services are appreciated by the most cultivated and the least damned among the niggers. He was especially gratified by the address which was lately presented to him by the British Indian Association. At a public meeting in Calcutta, thronged by all the most respectable and enlightened Bengalee gentlemen, this

address was carried unanimously, after a series of speeches, all of which acknowledged Sir Charles to be in the foremost rank of the benefactors of India. On this occasion Moulvee Abdool Luteef, a Mahommedan magistrate, said with perfect truth :

"It is doubtless a unique instance in the history of popular assemblies, and, particularly of popular assemblies in India, that we are met not to complain of grievances, or to murmur forth wrongs sustained at the hands of inconsiderate rulers. Our purpose is one which must commend itself to the favour of all rulers as tending to promote good will and understanding between governors and governed, and should convince the people of England that we are able to judge for ourselves in matters affecting our material interests.

"This purely voluntary manifestation of native feeling should be in the highest degree pleasing to every ingenuous Englishman, and I have no hesitation whatever in expressing my conviction that it will meet with ready appreciation in the most intelligent circles in England.

"To Sir Charles Wood belongs the peculiar credit, that under his guidance a real and earnest endeavour has sprung up on the part of our rulers to render themselves as understood as possible by us, a sincere desire that we should have an insight into the principles and mode of Government set over us."

One paragraph of the address especially deserves to be quoted : "As an illustration of the beneficial effect of the controlling power in England over Indian affairs, we need not but advert to your now celebrated despatches to his Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General in Council regarding the Breaches of Contract Bill, and the sale of Waste Lands, and the extension of the Permanent Settlement. By your emphatic expression of opinion on the first-named subject, the people of India have been freed from the effects of a project of law, opposed to the principles of civilized jurisprudence, exceptional in its aims and character, and calculated to prove an efficacious engine of injustice, hardship, and oppression, under the peculiar administrative machinery of India."

These expressions were echoed on the shores of England by the vast majority of those who view the present and future of India through another medium than the halo of selfish greed and party prejudice. Such men, at home and abroad, unite to regard the present Secretary of State as a ruler who thoroughly understands the true interests of our Eastern Dominions, and who faithfully, courageously, and laboriously strives to further those interests to the extent of the powers to him committed.

Yours sincerely,

H. BROUGHTON.

OLD MASTER GRUNSEY AND GOODMAN DODD.

(Stratford-on-Avon, A.D. 1597.)

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

- G. God save you, Goodman Dodd!—a sight to see you!
 D. Gramercy, Master Grunsey!—Sir, how be you?
 G. Middlish, thank heav'n. Rare weather for the wheat.
 D. Farms will be thirsty, after all this heat.

- G. And so is we. Sit down on this here bench:
We'll drink a pot o' yale, mun. Hither, wench!
My service—ha! I'se well enough, i'fegs,
But for this plaguey rheum i' both my legs.
Whiles I can't hardly get about: O dear!
- D. Thou see'st, we don't get younger every year.
- G. Thou'rt a young fellow still. What, "nigh three-score,"—
I be thy elder fifteen year and more.
Hast any news?
- D. Not much. New-Place be sold,
And Willy Shakespeare's bought it, so I'm told.
- G. What, little Willy Shakespeare bought the Place!
Lord bless us, how young folk gets on apace!
Sir Hugh's great house beside the grammar-school!—
This Shakespeare's (take my word upon't) no fool.
I minds him sin' he were so high's my knee;
A stirrin' little mischief chap were he;
One day I cotch'd him peltin' o' my geese
Below the church: "you let 'en swim in peace,
"Young dog!" I says, "or I shall fling thee in."
Will was on t'other bank, and did but grin,
And call out, "Sir, you come across to here!"
- D. I knows old John this five and thirty year.
In old times many a cup he made me drink;
But Willy weren't aborn'd then, I don't think,
Or might a' been a babe on's mother's arm,
When I should cart 'en fleeces from our farm.
I went a coortin' then, in Avon-Lane,
And, tho' bit further, I were always fain
To bring my cart thereby, upon a chance
To catch some foolish little nod or glance,
Or "meet me, Mary, won't 'ee? Charlcote way,
"Or down at Clopton Bridge, next holiday?"—
Health, Master Grunsey.
- G. Thank'ee friend. 'Tis hot.
We might do warse than call another pot.
Good Mistress Nan! Will Shakespeare, troth, I knew;
A nimble curly-pate, and pretty too,
About the street; he grow'd an idle lad,
And like enough, 'twas thought, to turn out bad;
I don't just fairly know, but folk did say
He vex'd the Lucys, and so fled away.
- D. He's warth as much as Tanner Twigg to-day;
And all by plays in Lunnon.
- G. Folk talks big:
Will Shakespeare warth as much as Tanner Twigg—
Tut tut! Be Will a player-man by trade?
- D. O' course he be, o' course he be; and made
A woundy heap o' money too, and bought
A playhouse for himsen like, out and out;
And makes up plays, beside, for 'en to act;
Tho' I can't tell thee rightly, for a fact,
If out o' books or his own head it be:
We'se other work to think on, thee and me.
They say Will's doin' finely, howsomever.

- G. Why, Dodd, the little chap were always clever.
 I don't know nothing now o' such-like toys;
 New fashions plenty, mun, sin' we were boys;
 We used to ha' rare mummings, puppet-shows,
 And Moralities,—they can't much better those;
 The Death of Judas were a pretty thing,
 "So-la! so-la!" the Divil used to sing;
 But time goes on, for sure, and fashion alters.
- D. Up at the Crown, last night, says young Jack Walters,
 "Willy's a great man now!"
- G. A jolterhead
 What do it count for, when all's done and said?
 Ah! who'll obey, let Will say "Come" or "Go"?
 Such-like as him don't reckon much, I trow!
 Sir, they shall travel first, like thee and me,
 See Lunnon, to find out what great men be,
 Ha, neighbour Dodd!—Good Saints! to see the Court
 Take water down to Greenwich; there's fine sport!
 Her Highness in her frills and puffs and pearls,
 Wi' dukes, and lords, and chamberlains, and earls,
 So thick as midges round her,—look at such
 An thou would'st talk of greatness! why, the touch
 Be on their stewards and lackeys, Goodman Dodd,
 Who'll hardly answer Shakespeare wi' a nod,
 And let him come, doff'd cap and bended knee.
 We knows a trifle, neighbour, thee and me.
- D. We may, Sir, This be grand old Stratford brew;
 No better yale in Lunnon, search it through.
 New-Place ben't no such bargain, when all's done;
 'Twas dear, I knows it.
- G. Thou bought'st better, mun,
 At Hoggin Fields: all ain't alike in skill.
- D. Thanks to the Lord above! I've not done ill.
 No more has thee, friend Grunsey, in thy trade.
- G. So-so. But here's young Will wi' money made,
 And money saved; whereon I sets him down,
 Say else who likes, a credit to the town;
 Tho' some do shake their heads at player-folk.
- D. A civil man he be, to chat and joke;
 I've oftimes had a bit o' talk wi' Will.
- G. How doth old Master Shakespeare?
- D. Bravely still.
 And so doth Madam too, the comely dame.
- G. And Willy's wife—what used to be her name?
- D. Why, Hathaway, fro' down by Shottery gate.
 I don't think she's so much about o' late.
 Their son, thou see'st, the only son they had,
 Died last year, and she took on dreadful bad;
 And so the fayther did awhile, I'm told.
 This boy o' theirs were nine or ten year old.
 —Willy himsen may bide here now, mayhap.
- G. He always were a clever little chap.
 I'm glad o's luck, an 'twere for old John's sake.
 Your arm, sweet sir. Oh, how my legs do ache!

A SON OF THE SOIL

PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE question is, will ye go or will ye stay?" said big Colin of Ramore; "but for this, you and me might have had a mair serious question to discuss. I see a providence in it for my part. You're but a callant; it will do you nae harm to wait; and you'll be in the way of seeing the world at—what do they call the place? If your mother has nae objections, and ye see your ain way to accepting, I'll be very well content. It's awfu' kind o' Sir Thomas after the way ye've rejected a' his advances—but, no doubt he's heard that you got on gey weel, on the whole, at your ain college," said the farmer, with a little complacency. They were sitting late over the breakfast table, the younger boys looking on, with eager eyes, wondering over Colin's wonderful chances, and feeling severely the contrast of their own lot, who had to take up the ready satchel and the "piece," which was to occupy their healthful appetites till the evening, and hurry off three miles down the loch to school. As for Archie, he had been long gone to his hard labour on the farm, and the mother and father and the visitor were now sitting—a little committee—upon Colin's prospects, which the lad himself contemplated with a mixture of delight and defiance wonderful to see.

"It's time for the school, bairns," said the farmer's wife; "be good laddies, and dinna linger on the road either coming or going. Ye'll get apples a-piece in the press. I couldna give ony advice, if you ask me," said the Mistress, looking at her son with her tender eyes: "Colin, my man, it's no for me nor your father either to say one thing or another—it's you that must decide—it's your ain well-being and comfort and happiness—." Here the Mistress stopped

short with an emotion which nobody could explain; and at which even Colin, who had the only clue to it, looked up out of his own thoughts, with a momentary surprise.

"Hoot," said the farmer; "you're aye thinking of happiness, you women. I hope the laddie's happiness doesna lie in the power of a year's change one way or another. I canna see that it will do him any harm—especially after what he was saying last night—to pause awhile and take a little thought; and here's the best opportunity he could well have. But he doesna say anything himself—and if you're against it, Colin, speak out. It's your concern, most of all, as your mother says."

"The callant's in a terrible swither," said Lauderdale, with a smile, "he'll have it, and he'll no have it. For one thing, it's an awfu' disappointment to get your ain way just after you've made up your mind that you're an injured man; and he's but a callant after all, and kens no better. For my part," said the philosopher, "I'm no fond of changing when you've once laid your plans. No man can tell what terrible difference a turn in the path may lead to. It's aye best to go straight on. But there's aye exceptions," continued Lauderdale, laying his hand on Colin's shoulder. "So far as I can see, there's no reason in this world why the callant should not stand still a moment and taste the sweetness of his lot. He's come to man's estate, and the heavens have never gloomed on him yet. There's no evil in him, that I can see," said Colin's friend, with an unusual trembling in his voice; "but for human weakness, it might have been the lad Michael or Gabriel, out of heaven, that's been my companion these gladsome years. It may be but sweetness and blessing that's in store for him. I

know no reason why he shouldna pause while the sun's shining, and see God's meaning. It cannot be but good."

The lad's friend who understood him best stopped short, like his mother, with something in his throat that marred his utterance. Why was it? Colin looked up with the sunshine in his eyes, and laughed with a little annoyance, a little impatience. He was no more afraid of his lot, nor of what the next turn in the path would bring, than a child is who knows no evil. Life was not solemn, but glorious; a thing to be conquered and made beautiful, to his eyes. He did not understand what they meant by their faltering and their fears.

"I feel, on the whole, disposed to accept Sir Thomas's offer," said the young prince. "It is no favour, for I am quite able to be his boy's tutor, as he says; and I see nothing particularly serious in it either," the young man went on; "most Scotch students stop short sometime and have a spell of teaching. I have been tutor at Ardmartin; I don't mind being tutor at Wodensbourne. I would not be dependent on Sir Thomas Frankland or any man," said Colin; "but I am glad to labour for myself, and free you, father. I know you have been willing to keep me at college, but you have plenty to do for Archie and the rest; and now it is my turn; I may help myself and them too," cried the youth, glad to disguise in that view of the matter the thrill of delight at his new prospects, which came from a very different source. "It will give us a little time, as you say, to think it all over," he continued, after a momentary pause, and turned upon his mother with a smile. "Is there anything to look melancholy about?" said Colin, turning back from his forehead the clouds of his brown hair.

"Oh, no, no, God forbid!" said the Mistress, "nothing but hope and the blessing of God;" but she turned aside from the table, and began to put away some of the things by way of concealing the tears that welled up to her tender

eyes, though neither she nor any one for her could have told why.

"Never mind your mother," said the farmer, "though it's out of the common to see a cloud on her face when there's no cloud to speak of on the sky. But women are aye having freits and fancies. I think it's the wisest thing ye can do to close with Sir Thomas's proposal, mysel'. I wouldna say but you'll see a good deal o' the world," said the farmer, shrewd but ignorant; "not that I'm so simple as to suppose that an English gentleman's country-seat will bring you to onything very extraordinary in the way of company; but still, that class of folk is wonderfully connected, and ye might see mair there in a season than you could here in a lifetime. It's time I were looking after Archie and the men," said big Colin; "it's no often I'm so late in the morning. I suppose you'll write to Sir Thomas yourself, and make a' the arrangements. Ye can say we're quite content, and pleased at his thoughtfulness. If that's no to your mind, Colin, I'm sorry for it; for a man should be aye man enough to give thanks when thanks are due." With this last admonition big Colin of Ramore took up his hat and went off to his fields. "I wish the callant didna keep a grudge," he said to himself, as he went upon his cheerful way. "If he were to set up in rivalry wi' young Frankland!" but with the thought a certain smile came upon the father's face. He too could not refrain from a certain contempt of the baronet's dainty son; and there was scarcely any limit to his pride and confidence in his boy.

The Mistress occupied herself in putting things to rights in the parlour long after her husband had gone to the fields. She thought Lauderdale too wanted to be alone with Colin; and, with natural jealousy, could not permit the first word of counsel to come from any lips but her own. The mistress had no baby to occupy her in these days; the little one whom she had on her bosom at the opening of this history, who bore her own name and her

own smile, and was the one maiden blossom of her life, had gone back to God who gave her; and, when her boys were at school, the gentle woman was alone. There was little doing in the dairy just then, and Mrs. Campbell had planned her occupations so as to have all the time that was possible to enjoy her son's society. So she had no special call upon her time this morning, and lingered over her little businesses, till Lauderdale, who would fain have said his say, strayed out in despair, finding no room for him. "When you've finished your letter, Colin, you'll find me on the hill," he said, as he went out; and could not refrain from a murmur in his own mind at the troublesome cares of "thae women." "They're sweet to see about a house, and the place is hame where they are," said the philosopher to himself with a sigh; "but oh, such fykes as they ware their hearts on!" The mistress's "fykes," however, were over when the stranger left the house. She came softly to Colin's table, where he was writing, and sat down beside him. As for Colin, he was so much absorbed in his letter that he did not observe his mother; and it was only when he lifted his head to consider a sentence, and found her before him, that he woke up, with a little start, out of that more agreeable occupation, and asked, "Do you want me?" with a look of annoyance which went to the mistress's heart.

"Yes, Colin, I want you just for a moment," said his mother. "I want to speak to you of this new change in your life. Your father thinks nothing but it's Sir Thomas Frankland you're going to, to be tutor to his boys; but, oh, Colin, I ken better! It's no the fine house and the new life that lights such light in my laddie's eye. Colin, listen to me. She's far above you in this world, though it's no to be looked for that I could think any woman was above you; but she's a lady with mony woovers, and you're but a poor man's son. Oh, Colin, my man! dinna gang near that place, nor put yourself in the way of evil, if you havena some con-

fidence either in her or yoursell'. Do you think you can see her day by day and no break your heart; or do you think she's worthy of a heart to be thrown away under her feet? Or, oh, my laddie! tell me this first of a'—do you think you could ask her, or she could consent, to lose fortune and grandeur for your sake? Colin, I'm no joking; it's awfu' earnest whatever you may think. Tell me if you've any regard for your mother, or wish her any kind of comfort the time you're away?"

This Mrs. Campbell said with tears shining in her eyes, and a look of entreaty in her face, which Colin had hard ado to meet. But the lad was full of his own thoughts, and impatient of the interruption which detained him.

"I wish I knew what you meant," he said pettishly. "I wish you would not talk of—people who have nothing to do with my poor little concerns. Surely, I may be suffered to engage in ordinary work like other people," said Colin. "As for the lady you speak—"

And here the youth paused, with a natural smile lurking at the corners of his lips—a smile of youthful confidence and self-gratulation. Not for a kingdom would the young hero have boasted of any look or word that had inspired him; but he would not deny himself the delicious consciousness that she must have had something to do with this proposal—that it must have been her suggestion, or at least supported, seconded by her. Only through her intimation could her uncle have known that he was tutor at Ardmartin, and the thought that it was she herself who was taking what maidenly means she could for their speedy reunion was too sweet to Colin's heart to be breathed in words, even if he could have done it without a betrayal of his hopes.

"Ay, Colin, the lady," said his mother; "you say no more in words, but your eye smiles and your mouth, and I see the flush on your cheek. She's bonnie and sweet and fair-spoken, and I canna think she means any harm; but, oh, Colin, my man, mind what a difference in this world! You've nothing to offer

her like what she's been used to," said the innocent woman, "and if I was to see my son come back breaking his heart for ane that was above his reach, and that mightna be worthy!—" said the Mistress, with her eyes full of tears. She could not say any more, partly because she had exhausted herself, partly because Colin rose from the table with a flush of excitement, which made his mother tremble.

"Worthy of me!" said the young man, with a kind of groan, "worthy of me! Mother, I don't think you know what you are saying. I am going to Wodensbourne whatever happens. It may be for good or for evil; I can't tell; but I am going, and you must ask me no further questions—not on this point. I am to be tutor to Sir Thomas Frankland's boy," said Colin, coming back with the smile in his eyes. "Nothing more—and what could happen better to a poor Scotch student? He might have had a Cambridge man, and he chooses me. Let me finish my letter, mother, dear."

"He wouldna get many Cambridge men, or any other men, like my boy," said the mother, half reassured; and she rearranged with her hands, that trembled a little, the writing-desk, which Colin's hasty movements had thrust out of the way.

"Ah, mother, but a Scotch University does not count for the same as an English one," said Colin, with a smile and a sigh; "it is not for my gifts Sir Thomas has chosen me," he added, a little impatiently taking up his pen again. What was it for? That old obligation of Harry Frankland's life saved, which Colin had always treated as a fiction? or the sweet influence of some one who knew that Colin loved her? Which was it? If the youth determined it should be the last, could anybody wonder? He bent his head again over his paper, and wrote, with his heart beating high, that acceptance which was to restore him to her society. As for the Mistress, she left her son, and went about her homely business, wiping some tears from her eyes. "I kenna what

woman could close her heart," she said to herself, with a little sob, in her ignorance and innocence. "Oh, if she's only worthy!" but, for all that, the mother's heart was heavy within her, though she could not have told why.

The letter was finished and sealed up before Colin joined his friend on the hillside, where Lauderdale was straying about with his hands in his pockets, breathing long sighs into the fresh air, and unable to restrain, or account for, his own restlessness and uneasiness. One of those great dramas of sunshine and shadow, which were familiar to the Holy Loch, was going on just then among the hills, and the philosopher had made various attempts to interest himself in those wonderful alternations of gloom and light, but without avail. Nature, which is so full of interest when the heart is unoccupied, dwindles and grows pale in presence of the poorest human creature who throws a shadow into her sunshine. Not all those wonderful gleams of light—not all those clouds, driven wildly like so many gigantic phantoms into the solemn hollows, could touch the heart of the man who was trembling for his friend. Lauderdale roused himself up when Colin came to him, and met him cheerfully. "So you've written your letter?" he said, "and accepted the new turn in your fortune? I thought as much, by your eye."

"You did not need to consult my eye," said Colin, gaily. "I said as much. But I must walk down the loch a mile or two to meet the postman. Will you come? Let us take the good of the hills," said the youth, with his heart running over. "Who can tell when we may be here again together? I like this autumn weather, with its stormy colours; and I suppose now my fortune, as you call it, will lead me to a flat country—that is, for a year or two at least."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, with a kind of groan; "that is how the world appears at your years. Who can tell when we may be here again together? Who can tell, laddie, what thoughts may be

in our hearts when we *are* here again? I never have any security myself, when I leave a place, that I'll ever dare to come back," said the meditative man. "The innocent fields might have a cruel aspect, as if God had cursed them, and, for anything I know, I might hate the flowers that could bloom, and the sun that could shine, and had no heart for my trouble. No that you understand what I'm meaning, but that's the way it affects a man like me."

"What are you thinking of?" cried Colin, with a little dismay; "one would fancy you saw some terrible evil approaching. Of course the future is uncertain, but I am not particularly alarmed by anything that appears to me. What are you thinking of, Lauderdale? Your own career?"

"Oh, ay, just my ain career," said Lauderdale, with a smile; "such a career to make a work about! though I am just as content as most men. I mind when my ain spirit was whiles uplifted as yours is, laddie; it's *that* that makes a man think. It comes natural to the time of life, like the bright eye and the bloom on the cheek," said Colin's friend; "and there's no sentence of death in it either, if you come to that," he went on to himself after a pause. "Life holds on—it aye holds on—a hope mair or less makes little count. And without the agony and the struggle, never man that was worth calling man came to his full stature." All this Lauderdale kept saying to himself as he descended the hillside, leaping here and there over a half-concealed streamlet, and making his way through the withered ferns and the long tangled streamers of the bramble, which caught at him as he passed. He was not so skilful in overcoming these obstacles as Colin, who was to the manner born; and he got a little out of breath as he followed the lad, who, catching his monologue by intervals in the descent, looked at the melancholy philosopher with his young eyes, which laughed, and did not understand.

"I wonder what you are thinking of," said Colin. "Not of me, certainly; but

I see you are afraid of something, as if I were going to encounter a great danger. Lauderdale," said the lad, stopping and laying his head on his friend's arm for one confidential moment, "whatever danger there is, I *have* encountered it. Don't be afraid for me."

"I was saying nothing about you, callant," said Lauderdale, pettishly. "Why should I aye be thinking of you? A man has more things to consider in this life than the vagaries of a slip of a laddie, that doesna see where he's bound for. I'm thinking of things far out of your way," said the philosopher; "of disappointments and heart-breaks, and a' the eclipses that are invisible to common e'en. I've seen many in my day. I've seen a trifling change that made no difference to the world quench a' the light and a' the comfort out of life. There's more things in heaven or earth than were ever dreamt of at your years. And whiles a man wonders how, for very pity, God can stay still in His heavens and look on—"

Colin could not say anything to the groan with which his friend broke off. He was troubled and puzzled, and could not make it out. They went on together along the white line of road, on which, far off in the distance, the youth already saw the postman whom he was hastening to meet; and, busy as he was with his own thoughts, Colin had already forgotten to inquire what his companion referred to, when his attention, which had wandered completely away from this perplexing tale, was suddenly recalled again by the voice at his side.

"I'm speaking like a man that cannot see the end," said Lauderdale, "which is clear to Him, if there's any meaning in life. You're for taking your chance and posting your letter, laddie? and you ken nothing about any nonsense that an old fool like me may be maundering? For one thing, there's aye plenty to divert the mind in this country," said the philosopher, with a sigh, and stood still at the foot of the long slope they had just descended, looking with a wistful abstract look upon the loch and the hills; at which change of mood

Colin could not restrain himself, but with ready boyish mirth laughed aloud.

"What has this country to do with it all? You are in a very queer mood to-day, Lauderdale—one moment as solemn and mysterious as if you knew of some great calamity, and the next talking of the country. What do you mean I wonder?" said the lad. His wonder was not very deep, but stirred lightly in the heart which was full of so many wishes and ambitions of its own. With that letter in his hand, and that new life before him, how could he help but look at the lonely man by his side with a half-divine compassion?—a man to whom life offered no prizes, and scarcely any hopes. He was aware in his heart that Lauderdale was anxious about himself, and the thought of that unnecessary solicitude moved Colin half to laughter. Poor Lauderdale—upon whom he looked down from the elevation of his young life with the tenderest pity! He smiled upon his friend in his exaltation and superiority. "You are more inexplicable than usual to-day. I wonder what you mean!" said Colin, with all the sunshine of youth and joy, defying evil forebodings in his eyes.

"It would take a wise man to tell," said Lauderdale; "I would not pretend, for my own part, to fathom what any fool might mean—much less what I mean myself, that have glimmerings of sense at times. Yon sunshine's awfu' prying about the hills. Light's aye inquisitive, and would fain be at the bottom of every mystery, which is, maybe, the reason," said the speculative observer, "why there's nae grandeur to speak of, nor meaning, according to mortal notions, without clouds and darkness. Yonder's your postman, callant. Give him the letter and be done with it. I whiles find myself wondering how it is that we take so little thought to God's meanings—what ye might call His lighter meanings—His easy verses and such-like, that are thrown about the world, in the winds and the sky. To be sure, I ken just as well as you do that it's currents of air, and masses of vapour and electricity, and all

the rest of it. It's awfu' easy learning the words, but will you tell me there's no meaning to a man's heart and soul in the like of that?" said Colin's companion stopping suddenly with a sigh of impatience and vexation, which had to do with something more vital than the clouds. Just then, nature truly seemed to have come to a pause, and to be standing still, like themselves, looking on. The sky that was so blue and broad a moment since had contracted to a black vault over the Holy Loch. Blackness that was positive and not a mere negative frowned out of all the half-disclosed mysterious hollows of the hills. The leaves that remained on the trees thrilled with a spasmodic shiver, and the little ripples came crowding up on the beach with a sighing suppressed moan of suspense and apprehension. So, at least, it seemed to one if not both of the spectators standing by.

"It means a thunderstorm, in the first place," said Colin; "look how it begins to come down in a torrent of gloom over Loch Goil. We have just time to get under shelter. It is very well for us we are so near Ramore."

"Ay—" said Lauderdale. He repeated the syllable over again and again as they hurried back. "But the time will come, when we'll no be near Ramore," he said to himself as the storm reached him and dashed in his face not twenty yards from the open door. Colin's laugh, as he reached with a bound the kindly portal, was all the answer which youth and hope gave to experience. The boy was not to be discouraged on that sweet threshold of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

WODENSBORNE was as different from any house that Colin had ever seen before, as the low flat country, rich and damp and monotonous, was unlike the infinitely varied landscape to which his eye had been accustomed all his life. The florid upholstery of Ardmartin contrasted almost strangely with the sober magnificence of the old family-house in

which the Franklands had lived and died for generations, as did the simple little rooms to which Colin had been accustomed in his father's house. Perhaps, on the whole, Ramore, where everything was for use and nothing for show, was less unharmonious with all he saw about him than the equipments of the brand new castle, all built out of new money, and gilded and lackered to a climax of domestic finery. Colin's pupil was the invalid of the family; a boy of twelve, who could not go to Eton like his brothers, but whom the good-natured baronet thought, as was natural, the cleverest of his family.—“That's why I wanted you so much, Campbell,” Sir Thomas said, by way of setting Colin at ease in his new occupation; “he's not a boy to be kept to classics isn't Charley—there's nothing that boy wouldn't master—and shut up, as he has to be, with his wretched health, he wants a little variety. I've always heard you took a wider range in Scotland; that's what I want for my boy.” It was with this that the new tutor was introduced to his duties at Wodensbourne. But a terrible disappointment awaited the young man, a disappointment utterly unforeseen. There was nobody there but Sir Thomas himself, and Charley, and some little ones still in the nursery. “We're all by ourselves, but you won't mind,” said the baronet, who seemed to think it all the better for Colin; “my lady and Miss Matty will be home before Christmas, and you can get yourself settled comfortably in the meantime. Lady Frankland is with her sister, who is in very bad health. I don't know what people mean by getting into bad health—women, too, that can't go in for free living and that sort of thing,” said Sir Thomas. “The place looks dreary without the ladies, but they'll be back before Christmas,” and he went to sleep after dinner as usual, and left the young tutor at the other side of the table sitting in a kind of stupefied amazement and mortification in the silence, wondering what he came here for, and where his hopes and brilliant auguries had gone to. Perhaps Colin did not know what

he himself meant when he accepted Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal. He thought he was coming to live in Matty's society, to be her companion, to walk with her and talk with her, as he had done at Ardmartin; but, when he arrived to find Wodensbourne deserted, with nothing to be seen but Sir Thomas and a nursery governess, who sometimes emerged with her little pupils from the unknown regions upstairs and was very civil to the new tutor, Colin's disappointment was overwhelming. He despised himself with a bitterness only to be equalled by the brilliancy of those vain expectations over which he laughed in youthful rage and scorn. It was not to be Matty's companion he had come; it was not to see, however far off, any portion of the great world which he could not help imagining sometimes must be visible from such an elevation. It was only to train Charley's precocious intellect, and amuse the baronet a little at dinner. After dinner Sir Thomas went to sleep, and even Charley was out of the way, and the short winter days closed down early over the great house, on the damp woods and silent park, which kept repeating themselves, day by day, upon Colin's wearied brain. There was not even an undulation within sight, nothing higher than the dull line of trees, which after a while it made him sick to look at. To be sure, the sunshine now and then caught upon the lofty lantern of Earle Cathedral, and by that means woke up a gleam of light on the flat country; but that, and the daily conflict with Charley's sharp invalid understanding, and the sight of Sir Thomas sleeping after dinner, conveyed no exhilaration to speak of to lighten the dismal revulsion of poor Colin's thoughts. His heart rose indignant sometimes; which did him more good. This was the gulf of dismay he tumbled into without defence or preparation after the burst of hope and foolish youthful delight with which he left Ramore.

As for the society at Wodensbourne, it was at the present moment of the most limited description. Colin, who was inexperienced, roused up out of his

dullness a little when he heard that two of the canons of Earie were coming to dinner one evening. The innocent Scotch lad woke himself up, with a little curiosity about the clerical dignitaries, of whom he knew nothing, and a good deal of anxiety to comport himself as became the representative of a Scotch University, about whom he did not doubt the visitors would be a little curious. It struck Colin with the oddest surprise and disappointment, to find that the canons of Earie were perfectly indifferent about the Scotch student. The curate of the parish, indeed, who was also dining at Wodensbourne that day, was wonderfully civil to the new tutor. He told him that he understood the Scotch mountains were very near as fine as Switzerland, and that he hoped to see them some day, though the curious prejudices about Sunday and the whisky-drinking must come very much in the way of closer intercourse; at which speech Colin's indignation and amusement would have been wonderful to see, had any one been there who cared to notice how the lad was looking. On the Sundays, Colin and his pupil went along the level ways to the quaint old mossy church, to which this same curate was devoting all his time and thoughts by way of restoration. The Scotch youth had never seen anything at once so homely and so noble as this little church in the fen-country. He thought it nothing less than a poem in stone, a pathetic old psalm of human life and death, uttering itself for ever and ever, in the tenderest, sad responses, to the worship of heaven. Never anywhere had he felt so clearly how the dead were waiting for the great Easter to come, nor seen Christianity standing so plainly between the two comings; but when Colin, with his Scotch ideas, heard the curious little sermons to which his curate gave utterance under that roof, all consecrated and holy with the sorrows and hopes of ages, it made the strangest anti-climax in the youth's thoughts. He laughed to himself when he came out, not because he was dis-

posed to laughter, but because it was the only alternative he had; and Sir Thomas, who had a glimmering perception that this must be something new to his inexperienced guest, gave a doubtful sort of smile, not knowing how to take Colin's strange looks.

"You don't believe in saints' days, and such like, in Scotland?" said the perplexed baronet; "and of course the sermon does not count for so much with us."

"No," said Colin; and they did not enter further into the subject.

As for the young man himself, who had still upon his mind the feeling that he was to be a Scotch minister, the lesson was the strangest possible; for, being Scotch, he could not help listening to the sermon according to the usage of his nation. The curate, after he had said those passages which are all but divine in their comprehension of the wants of humanity, told his people how wonderfully their beloved Church had provided for all their wants; how sweet it was to recollect that this was the day which had been appointed the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and how it was their duty to meditate a fact so touching and so important. Colin thought of the Holy Loch, and the minister's critics there, and laughed to himself, perhaps a little bitterly. He felt as if he had given up his own career—the natural life to which he was born—and at this distance the usual enchantments of nature began to work, and in his heart he asked himself what he was to gain by transferring his heart and hopes to this wealthier country, where so many things were fairer, and after which he had been hankering so long. The curate's sermons struck him as a kind of comical climax to his disappointments—the curate who looked at himself much as he might have looked at a South-Sea Islander, and spoke of the Scotch whisky and Scotch Sabbaths. Poor curate! He knew a great deal more than Colin did about some things, and, if he did not understand how to preach, that was not the fault of his college; neither did they

convey much information at that seat of learning about the northern half of the British island—no more than they did at Glasgow about the curious specimen of humanity which is known as a curate on the brighter side of the Tweed.

All these things went through Colin's mind as he sat in the dining-room after dinner contemplating Sir Thomas's nap, which was not of itself an elevating spectacle. He thought to himself at that moment that he was but fulfilling the office of a drudge at Wodensbourne, which anybody could fill. It did not require those abilities which had won with acclamation the prize in the philosophy class to teach Charley Frankland the elements of science; and all the emulations and glories of his college career came back to Colin's mind. The little public of the University had begun to think of him—to predict what he would do, and anticipate his success at home; but here, who knew anything about him? All these thoughts came to rapid conclusions as the young man sat watching the fire gleam in the wainscot, and calculating the recurrence of that next great snore which would wake Sir Thomas, and make him sit up of a sudden and look fiercely at his companion before he murmured out a "Beg your pardon," and went to sleep again. Not an interesting prospect certainly. Should he go home? should he represent to the baronet, when he woke up for the night, that it had all been a mistake, and that his present office was perfectly unsuited to his ambition and his hopes? But then what could he say? for after all it was as Charley Frankland's tutor simply, and with his eyes open, that he came to Wodensbourne, and Sir Thomas had said nothing about the society of his niece, or any other society, to tempt him thither. Colin sat in a bitterness of discontent, which would have been incredible to him a few weeks before, pondering these questions. There was not a sound to be heard, but the dropping of the ashes on the hearth, and Sir Thomas's heavy breathing as

he slept. Life went on velvet slippers in the great house from which Colin would gladly have escaped (he thought) to the poorest cottage on the Holy Loch. He could not help recalling his shabby little room in Glasgow, and Lauderdale's long comments upon life, and all the talk and the thoughts that made existence bright in that miserable little place, which Sir Thomas Frankland's grooms would not have condescended to live in, but which the unfortunate young tutor thought of with longing as he sat dreary in the great dining-room. What did it matter to him that the floor was soft with Turkey carpets, that the wine on the table was of the most renowned vintages, and that his slumbering companion in the great easy-chair was the head of one of the oldest commoner families in England—a baronet and a county member? Colin after all was only a son of the soil; he longed for his Glasgow attic, and his companions who spoke the dialect of that remarkable but unlovely city, and felt bitterly in his heart that he had been cheated. Yet it was hard to say to any one—hard even to put in words to himself—what the cheat was. It was a deception he had practised on himself, and in the bitterness of his disappointment the youth refused to say to himself that anybody's absence was the secret of his mortification. What was she to him?—a great lady as far out of his reach as the moon or the stars, and who no doubt had forgotten his very name.

These were not pleasant thoughts to season the solitude; and he sat hugging them for a great many evenings before Sir Thomas awoke, and addressed, as he generally did, a few good-humoured, stupid observations to the lad whom, to be sure, the baronet found a considerable bore, and did not know what to do with. Sir Thomas could not forget his obligations to the young man who saved Harry's life; and thus it was, from pure gratitude, that he made Colin miserable—though there was no gratitude at all, nor even much respect, in the summary judgment which the youth formed of

the heavy 'squire. This was how matters were going on when Wodensbourne and the world, and everything human, suddenly, all at once, sustained again a change to Colin. He had been thus, for six weary weeks—during which time he felt himself getting morose, ill-tempered, and miserable—writing sharp letters home, in which he would not confess to any special disappointment, but expressed himself in general terms of bitterness like a young misanthrope, and in every respect making himself, and those who cared for him, unhappy. Even the verses, which did very well to express the tender griefs of sentiment, had been thrown aside at this crisis; for there was nothing melodious in his feelings, and he could not say in sweet rhymes and musical cadences how angry and wretched he was. He was sitting so one dreary December evening when it was raining fast outside and everything was silent within—as was natural in a well-regulated household where the servants knew their duty, and the nursery was half a mile away through worlds of complicated passages. Sir Thomas was asleep as usual, and, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, the excellent baronet was not, as we have already said, an elevating spectacle; and, at the other end of the table, sat Colin, chafing out his young soul with such thoughts of what was not, but might have been, as youth does not know how to avoid. It was just then, when he was going over his long succession of miseries—and thinking of his natural career cut short for this dreary penance of which nothing could ever come—that Colin was startled by the sound of wheels coming up the wintry avenue. He could not venture to imagine to himself what it might be, though he listened as if for life and death, and heard the sounds of an arrival and the indistinct hum of voices which he could not distinguish, without feeling that he had any right to stir from the table to inquire what it meant; and there he sat accordingly, with his hair thrust back from his forehead and his great eyes gleaming out

from the noiseless atmosphere, when the door opened and a pretty figure, all eager and glowing with life, looked into the room. Colin was too much absorbed, too anxious, and felt too deeply how much was involved for himself to be capable even of rising up to greet her as an indifferent man would have done. He sat and gazed at her as she darted in like a fairy creature, bringing every kind of radiance in her train. "Here they are, aunty!" cried Miss Matty; and she came in flying in her cloak, with the hood still over her head and great raindrops on it, which she had caught as she jumped out of the carriage. While Colin sat gazing at her, wondering if it was some deluding apparition, or, in reality, the new revelation of life and love that it seemed to be, Matty had thrown herself upon Sir Thomas and woke the worthy baronet by kissing him, which was a pretty sight to behold. "Here we are, uncle; wake up!" cried Matty; "my lady ran to the nursery first, but I came to you, as I always do." And the little witch looked up with a gleam at Colin, under which heaven and earth changed to the lad. He stumbled to his feet, while Sir Thomas rubbed his astonished eyes. What could Colin say? He stood waiting for a word, seeing the little figure in a halo of light and fanciful glory. "How do you do? I knew you were here," said Miss Matty, putting out two fingers to him while she still hung over her uncle. And presently Lady Frankland came in, and the room became full of pleasant din and commotion as was inevitable. When Colin made a move as if to leave them, fearful of being in the way, as the sensitive lad naturally was, Miss Matty called to him, "Oh, don't go, please; we are going to have tea, and my lady must be served without giving her any trouble, and I want you to help me," said Matty; and so the evening that had begun in gloom ended in a kind of subdued glory too sweet to be real. Lady Frankland sat talking to her husband of their reason for coming back so suddenly (which was sad enough, being an unexpected

death in the house: but that did not make much difference to the two women who were coming home); Matty kept coming and going between the tea-table and the fire, sending Colin on all sorts of errands, and making comments to him aside on what her aunt was saying. "Only fancy the long dreary drive we have had, and my uncle and Mr. Campbell making themselves so cozy," the little syren said, kneeling down before the fire with still one drop of rain sparkling on her bright locks. And the effect was such that Colin lost himself altogether, and could not have affirmed, had he been questioned on his oath, that he had not enjoyed himself greatly all the evening. He took Lady Frankland her tea, and listened to all the domestic chatter as if it had been the talk of angels; and was as pleased when the mistress of the house thanked him for his kindness to Charley, as if he had not thought Charley a wretched little nuisance a few hours ago. He did not in the least know who the people were about whom the two ladies kept up such an unceasing talk, and, perhaps, under other circumstances would have laughed at this sweet-coined gossip, with all its lively comments upon nothing and incessant personalities; but, at the present moment, Colin had said good-bye to reason, and could not anyhow defend himself against the sudden happiness which seized upon him without any notice. While Sir Thomas and his wife sat on either side of the great fire, and Matty kept darting in and out between them, Colin sat behind near the impromptu tea-table, and listened and felt that the world was changed. If he could have had time to think, he might have been ashamed of himself, but then he had no time to think, and in the meantime he was happy, a sensation not to be gainsaid or rejected; and so fled the few blessed hours of the first evening of Matty's return.

When he had gone up stairs, and had heard, at a distance, the sound of the last good-night, and was fairly shut up again in the silence of his own room, the youth, for the first

time, began to realize what he was doing. He paused, with a little consternation, a little fright, to question himself. For the first time, he saw clearly, without any possibility of self-delusion, what it was which had brought him here, and which made all the difference to him between happiness and misery. It was hard to realize now the state of mind he had been in a few hours before; but he did it, by dint of a great exertion, and saw, with a distinctness which alarmed him, how it was that everything had altered in his eyes. It was Matty's presence that made all the difference between this subdued thrill of happiness and that blank of impatient and mortified misery. The young man tried to stand still and consider the reality of his position. He had stopped in his career, arrested himself in his life; entered upon a species of existence which he felt in his heart was not more, but less, noble (for him) than his previous course—and what was it for? All for the uncertain smile, for the society—which might fail him any time—of a woman so far out of his way, so utterly removed from his reach, as Matilda Frankland? For a moment, the youth was dismayed, and stopped short, Wisdom and Truth whispering in his ear. Love might be fair, but he knew enough to know that life must not be subservient to that witchery; and Colin's good angel spoke to him in the silence, and bade him flee. Better to go back, and at once, to the grey and sombre world, where all his duties awaited him, than to stay here in this fool's paradise. As he thought so he got up, and began to pace about his room, as though it had been a cage. Best to flee—it might hide all the light out of his life and break his heart, but what else had he to look for sooner or later? He sat up half the night, still pacing about his room, hesitating upon his fate, while the December storm raged outside. What was he to do? When he dropped to sleep at last, his heart betrayed him, and strayed away into celestial worlds of dreaming. He woke, still undecided, as he thought, to see the

earliest wintry gleam of sunshine stealing in through his shutters. What was he to do? But already the daylight made him feel his terrors as so many shadows. His heart was a traitor, and he was glad to find it so, and the moment of indecision settled more surely than ever the bondage in which he seemed to have entangled his life.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM that day life flew upon celestial wings for Charley Frankland's tutor. It was not that any love-making proved possible, or that existence at Wodensbourne became at all what it had been at Ardmartin. The difference was in the atmosphere, which was now bright with all kinds of gladsome charms, and pervaded by anticipations—a charm which, at Colin's age, was more than reality. He never knew what moment of delight might come to him any day—what words might be said, or smiles shed upon him. Such an enchantment could not, indeed, have lasted very long; but, in the meantime, was infinitely sweet, and made his life like a romance to the young man. There was nobody at Wodensbourne to occupy Miss Matty, or withdraw her attention from her young worshipper; and Colin, with his poetic temperament and his youthful genius, and all the simplicities and inexperience which rendered him so different from the other clever young men who had been seen or heard of in that region, was very delightful company, even when he was not engaged in any acts of worship. Lady Frankland herself acknowledged that Mr. Campbell was a great acquisition. "He is not the least like other people," said the lady of the house; "but you must take care not to let him fall in love with you, Matty;" and both the ladies laughed softly as they sat over their cup of tea. As for Matty, when she went to dress for dinner, after that admonition, she put on tartan ribbons over her white dress, partly, to be sure, because they were in the fashion; but chiefly to

please Colin, who knew rather less about tartan than she did, and had not the remotest idea that the many-coloured sash had any reference to himself.

"I love Scotland," the little witch said to him, when he came into the drawing-room, to which he was now admitted during Sir Thomas's nap—and, to tell the truth, Lady Frankland herself had just closed her eyes in a gentle doze, in her easy chair—"but, though you are a Scotchman, you don't take the least notice of my ribbons; I am very fond of Scotland," said Matty;—"and the Scotch," the wicked little girl added, with a glance at him, which made Colin's heart leap in his deluded breast.

"Then I am very glad to be Scotch," said the youth, and stooped down over the end of the sash till Matty thought he meant to kiss it, which was a more decided act of homage than it would be expedient, under the circumstances, to permit.

"Don't talk like everybody else," said Miss Matty; "that does not make any difference—you were always glad to be Scotch. I know you all think you are so much better and cleverer than we are in England. But, tell me, do you still mean to be a Scotch minister? I wish you would not," said Matty, with a little pout. And then Colin laughed—half with pleasure at what he thought her interest in him, and half with a sense of the ludicrous which he could not restrain.

"I don't think I could preach about the twentieth Sunday after Trinity," he said with a smile; which was a speech Miss Matty did not understand.

"People here don't preach as you do in Scotland," said the English girl, with a little offence. "You are always preaching, and that is what renders it so dull. But what is the good of being a minister? There are plenty of dull people to be ministers—you are so clever—"

"Am I clever?" said Colin. "I am Charley's tutor—it does not require a great deal of genius—" but while he spoke, the eyes—which Matty did not comprehend, which always went leagues further than one could see—kindled up

a little. He looked a long way past her, and no doubt he saw something; but it piqued her a little not to be able to follow him, nor to search out what he meant.

"If you had done what I wished, and gone to Oxford, Campbell," said Sir Thomas, whose repose had been interrupted earlier than usual; "I can't say much about what I could have done myself, for I have heaps of boys of my own to provide for; but, if you're bent on going into the Church, something would certainly have turned up for you. I don't say there's much of a course in the Church for an ambitious young fellow, but still, if you do work well and have a few friends.—As for your Scotch Church, I don't know very much about it," said the baronet, candidly. "I never knew any one who did. What a bore it used to be a dozen years ago, when there was all that row; and now, I suppose, you're all at sixes and sevens, ain't you?" asked the ingenuous legislator. "I suppose whisky and controversy go together somehow." Sir Thomas got himself perched into the corner of a sofa very comfortably, as he spoke, and took no notice of the lightning in Colin's eyes.

"Oh, uncle! don't," said Miss Matty; "didn't you know that the Presbyterians are all going to give up and join the Church? and it's all to be the same both in England and Scotland? You need not laugh. I assure you I know quite well what I am saying," said the little beauty, with a look of dignity. "I have seen it in the papers—such funny papers!—with little paragraphs about accidents, and about people getting silver snuffboxes!—but all the same, they say what I tell you. There's to be no Presbyterians and no precentors, and none of their wicked ways, coming into church with their hats on, and staring all round instead of saying their prayers; and all the ministers are to be made into clergymen—priests and deacons, you know; and they are going to have bishops and proper service like other people. Mr. Campbell," said Matty, looking up at him with a little emphasis, to mark

that, for once, she was calling him formally by his name—"knows it is quite true."

"Humph," said Sir Thomas. "I know better; I know how Campbell, there, looked the other day when he came out of church. I know the Scotch and their ways of thinking. Go and make the tea, and don't talk of what you don't understand. But, as for you, Campbell, if you have a mind for the University and to go in for the Church—"

But this was more than Colin, being twenty, and a Scotchman, could bear.

"I am going in for the Church," said the lad, doing all he could to keep down the excitement at which Sir Thomas would have laughed, "but it did not in the least touch my heart the other day to know that it was the twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Devotion is a great matter," said the young Scotchman. "I grant you have the advantage over us there, but it would not do in Scotland to preach about the Church's goodness, and what she had appointed for such or such a day. We preach very stupid sermons, I dare say; but at least we mean to teach somebody something—what God looks for at their hands, or what they may look for at His. It is more an occupation for a man," cried the young revolutionary, "than reading the sublimest of prayers. I am going in for the Church,—but it is the Church of Scotland," said Colin. He drew himself up with a grand youthful dignity, which was much lost on Sir Thomas, who, for his part, looked at his new tutor with eyes of sober wonderment, and did not understand what this emotion meant.

"There is no occasion for excitement," said the baronet; "nobody now-a-days meddles with a man's convictions; indeed, Harry would say, it's a great thing to have any convictions. That is how the young men talk now-a-days," said Sir Thomas; and he moved off the sofa again, and yawned, though not uncivilly. As for Miss Matty, she came stealing up when she had made the tea, with her cup in her hand.

"So you do mean to be a minister?" she said, in a half whisper, with a deprecating look. Lady Frankland had roused up, like her husband, and the two were talking, and did not take any notice of Matty's proceedings with the harmless tutor. The young lady was quite free to play with her mouse a little, and entered upon the amusement with zest, as was natural. "You mean to shut yourself up in a square house, with five windows, like the poor gentleman who has such red hair, and never see anybody but the old women in the parish, and have your life made miserable every Sunday by that precentor."

"I hope I have a soul above precentors," said Colin, with a little laugh, which was unsteady still, however, with a little excitement; "and one might mend all that," he added a minute after, looking at her with a kind of wistful inquiry which he could not have put into words. What was it he meant to ask with his anxious eye? But he did not himself know.

"Oh yes," said Matty, "I know what you would do: you would marry somebody who was musical, and get a little organ and teach the people better; I know exactly what you would do," said the young lady with a piquant little touch of spite, and a look that startled Colin; and then she paused, and hung her head for a moment and blushed, or looked as if she blushed. "But you would not?" said Matty, softly, with a sidelong glance at her victim. "Don't marry anybody; no one is any good after that. I don't approve of marrying, for my part, especially for a priest. Priests should always be detached, you know, from the world."

"Why?" said Colin. He was quite content to go on talking on such a subject for any length of time. "As for marrying, it is only your rich squires and great people who can marry when they please; we who have to make our own way in the world—" said the young man, with a touch of grandeur, but was stopped by Miss Matty's sudden laughter.

"Oh, how simple you are! As if rich squires and great people, as you say,

could marry when they pleased—as if any man could marry when he pleased!" cried Miss Matty, scornfully. "After all, we do count for something, we poor women; now and then, we can put even an eldest son out in his calculations. It is great fun too," said the young lady, and she laughed, and so did Colin, who could not help wondering what special case she might have in her eye, and listened with all the eagerness of a lover. "There is poor Harry—" said Miss Matty under her breath, and stopped short and laughed to herself and sipped her tea, while Colin lent an anxious ear. But nothing further followed that soft laughter. Colin sat on thorns, gazing at her with a world of questions in his face, but the siren looked at him no more. Poor Harry! Harry's natural rival was sensible of a thrill of jealous curiosity mingled with anxiety. What had she done to Harry?—this witch who had beguiled Colin—or was it, not she who had done anything to him, but some other as pretty and as mischievous? Colin had no clue to the puzzle, but it gave him a new access of half-conscious enmity to the heir of Wodensbourne.

After that talk there elapsed a few days during which Colin saw but little of Matty, who had visits to pay, and some solemn dinner-parties to attend in Lady Frankland's train. He had to spend the evenings by himself on these occasions after dining with Charley, who was not a very agreeable companion; and, when this invalid went to his room, as he did early, the young tutor found himself desolate enough in the great house, where no human bond existed between him and the little community within its walls. He was not in a state of mind to take kindly to abstract study at that moment of his existence, for Colin had passed out of that unconscious stage in which he had been at Ardmartin. Then, however much he had wished to be out of temptation, he could not help himself, which was a wonderful consolation; but now he had come wilfully and knowingly into the danger, and had become aware of the fact—and far more distinctly than ever

before—of the difference between himself and the object of his thoughts. Though he found it very possible at times to comfort himself with the thought that this was a very ordinary interruption of a Scotch student's work, and noways represented the Armida's garden in which the knight lost both his vocation and his life, there were other moments and moods which were less easily manageable; and, on the whole, he wanted the stimulus of perpetual excitement to keep him from feeling the false position he was in, and the expediency of continuing here. Though the feeling haunted him all day, at night, in the drawing-room—which was brightened and made sweet by the fair English matron who was kind to Colin, and the fairer maiden who was the centre of all his thoughts—it vanished like an evil spirit, and left him with a sense that nowhere in the world could he have been so well; but, when this mighty stimulus was withdrawn, the youth was left in a very woeful plight, conscious, to the bottom of his heart, that he ought to be elsewhere, and here was consuming his strength and life. He strayed out in the darkness of the December nights through the gloomy silent park into the little village with its feeble lights, where everybody and everything was unknown to him; and all the time his demon sat on his shoulders and asked what he did there. While he strayed through the broken, irregular village-street, to all appearance looking at the dim cottage-windows and listening to the rude songs from the little ale-house, the curate encountered the tutor. Most probably the young priest, who was not remarkable for wisdom, imagined the Scotch lad to be in some danger; for he laid a kindly hand upon his arm and turned him away from the vociferous little tavern, which was a vexation to the curate's soul. "I should like you to go up to the Parsonage with me, if you will only wait till I have seen this sick woman," said the curate; and Colin went in very willingly within the cottage porch to wait for his acquaintance,

who had his prayer-book under his arm. The young Scotchman looked on with wondering eyes while the village priest knelt down by his parishioner's bedside and opened his book. Naturally there was a comparison always going on in Colin's mind. He was like a passive experimentalist, seeing all kinds of trials made before his eyes, and watching the result. "I wonder if they all think it is a spell," said Colin to himself; but he was rebuked and was silent when he heard the responses which the cottage folk made on their knees. When the curate had read his prayer he got up and said good-night, and went back to Colin; and this visitation of the sick was a very strange experience to the young Scotch observer, who stood revolving everything, with an eye to Scotland, at the cottage-door.

"You don't make use of our Common Prayer in Scotland?" said the curate; "pardon me for referring to it. One cannot help being sorry for people who shut themselves out from such an inestimable advantage. How did it come about?"

"I don't know," said Colin. "I suppose because Laud was a fool, and King Charles a —"

"Hush, for goodness sake," said the curate with a shiver. "What do you mean? such language is painful to listen to. The saints and martyrs should be spoken of in a different tone. You think that was the reason? Oh, no; it was your horrible Calvinism, and John Knox, and the mad influences of that unfortunate Reformation which has done us all so much harm, though I suppose you think differently in Scotland," he said with a little sigh, steering his young companion, of whose morality he felt uncertain, past the alehouse door.

"Did you never hear of John Knox's liturgy?" said the indignant Colin; "the saddest, passionate service! You always had time to say your prayers in England, but we had to snatch them as we could. And your prayers would not do for us now," said the Scotch experimentalist; "I wish they could."

but it would be impossible. A Scotch peasant would have thought *that* an incantation you were reading. When you go to see a sick man, shouldn't you like to say, God save him, God forgive him, straight out of your heart without a book?" said the eager lad; at which question the curate looked up with wonder in the young man's face.

"I hope I do say it out of my heart," said the English priest, and stopped short, with a gravity that had a great effect upon Colin;—"but in words more sound than any words of mine," the curate added a moment after, which dispersed the reverential impression from the Scotch mind of the eager boy.

"I can't see that," said Colin, quickly, "in the church for common prayer, yes; at a bedside in a cottage, no. At least, I mean that's how we feel in Scotland, though I suppose you don't care much for our opinion," he added with some heat, thinking he saw a smile on his companion's face.

"Oh, yes, certainly; I have always understood that there is a great deal of intelligence in Scotland," said the curate, courteous as to a South-Sea Islander. "But people who have never known this inestimable advantage! I believe preaching is considered the great thing in the North?" he said with a little curiosity. "I wish society were a little more impressed by it among ourselves; but mere *information* even about spiritual matters is of so much less importance! though that, I daresay, is another point on which we don't agree?" the curate continued, pleasantly. He was just opening the gate into his own garden, which was quite invisible in the darkness, but which enclosed and surrounded a homely house with some lights in the windows, which, it was a little comfort to Colin to perceive, was not much handsomer nor more imposing in appearance than the familiar manse on the borders of the Holy Loch.

"It depends on what you call spiritual matters," said the polemical youth. "I don't think a man can possibly get too much information about his relations with God, if only anybody

could tell him anything; but certainly about ecclesiastical arrangements and the Christian year," said the irreverent young Scotchman, "a little might suffice;" and Colin spoke with the slightest inflection of contempt, always thinking of the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and scorning what he did not understand, as was natural to his years."

"Ah, you don't know what you are saying," said the devout curate. "After you have spent a Christian year, you will see what comfort and beauty there is in it. You say, 'if anybody could tell him anything.' I hope you have not got into a sceptical way of thinking. I should like very much to have a long talk with you," said the village priest, who was very good and very much in earnest, though the earnestness was after a pattern different from anything known to Colin; and, before the youth perceived what was going to happen, he found himself in the curate's study, placed on a kind of moral platform, as the emblem of Doubt and that pious unbelief which is the favourite of modern theology. Now, to tell the truth, Colin, though it may lower him in the opinion of many readers of his history, was not by nature given to doubting. He had, to be sure, followed the fashion of the time enough to be aware of a wonderful amount of unsettled questions, and questions which it did not appear possible ever to settle. But somehow these elements of scepticism did not give him much trouble. His heart was full of natural piety, and his instincts all fresh and strong as a child's. He could not help believing, any more than he could help breathing, his nature being such; and he was half-amused and half-irritated by the position in which he found himself, notwithstanding the curate's respect for the ideal sceptic, whom he had thus pounced upon. The commonplace character of Colin's mind was such, that he was very glad when his new friend relaxed into gossip, and asked him who was expected at the Hall for Christmas; to which the tutor answered by such names as he had heard in the ladies' talk, and remem-

bered with friendliness or with jealousy, according to the feeling with which Miss Matty pronounced them—which was Colin's only guide amid this crowd of the unknown.

"I wonder if it is to be a match," said the curate, who, recovering from his dread concerning the possible habits of his Scotch guest, had taken heart to share his scholarly potatoes of beer with his new friend. "It was said Lady Frankland did not like it, but I never believed that. After all it was such a natural arrangement. I wonder if it is to be a match?"

"Is what to be a match?" said Colin, who all at once felt his heart stand still and grow cold, though he sat by the cheerful fire which threw its light even into the dark garden outside. "I have heard nothing about any match," he added, with a little effort. It dawned upon him instantly what it must be, and his impulse was to rush out of the house or do anything rash and sudden that would prevent him from hearing it said in words.

"Between Henry Frankland and his cousin," said the calm curate; "they looked as if they were perfectly devoted to each other at one time. That has died off, for she is rather a flirt, I fear; but all the people hereabouts had made up their minds on the subject. It would be a very suitable match on the whole. But why do you get up? you are not going away?"

"Yes; I have something to do when I go home," said Colin, "something to prepare," which he said out of habit, thinking of his old work at home, without remembering what he was saying or whether it meant anything. The curate put down the poker which he had lifted to poke the fire, and looked at Colin with a touch of envy.

"Ah! something literary, I suppose?" said the young priest, and went with his new friend to the door, thinking how clever he was, and how lucky, at his age, to have a literary connexion; a thought very natural to a young priest in a country curacy with a very small endowment. The curate wrote verses, as Colin

himself did, though on very different subjects, and took some of them out of his desk and looked at them, after he had shut the door, with affectionate eyes, and a half intention of asking the tutor what was the best way to get admission to the magazines, and on the whole he thought he liked what he had seen of the young Scotchman, though he was so ignorant of church matters; an opinion which Colin perfectly reciprocated, with a more distinct sentiment of compassion for the English curate, who knew about as much of Scotland as if it had lain in the South Seas.

Meanwhile Colin walked home to Wodensbourne with fire and passion in his heart. "It would be a very suitable match on the whole," he kept saying to himself, and then tried to take a little comfort from Matty's sweet laughter over "Poor Harry!" Poor Harry was rich, and fortunate, and independent, and Colin was only the tutor; were these two to meet this Christmas-time and contend over again on this new ground? He went along past the black trees as if he were walking for a wager; but, quick as he walked, a dogcart dashed past him with lighted lamp gleaming up the avenue. When he reached the Hall-door, one of the servants was disappearing up stairs with a portmanteau, and a heap of coats and wrappers lay in the hall.

"Mr. Harry just come, sir—a week sooner than was expected," said the butler, who was an old servant and shared in the joys of the family. Colin went to his room without a word; shut himself up there with feelings which he would not have explained to any one. He had not seen Harry Frankland since they were both boys; but he had never got over the youthful sense of rivalry and opposition which had sent him skimming over the waters of the Holy Loch to save the boy who was his born rival and antagonist. Was this the day of their encounter and conflict which had come at last?

To be continued.

CONCERNING THE ORGANIZATION OF LITERATURE.

THE chronicles of the year 1863 record two incidents little noticed by the public or its instructors of the press, but which possess a certain importance, from their relation to what is called the Organization of Literature. In one of these incidents, the publication of the remodelled programme of the Guild of Literature and Art, lurks the admission of a failure, or at least of the inability of its promoters to perform the most important of the promises contained in their original plan. The other incident exhibits the germ of a new and fruitful project, which also aims at introducing an organic principle into the literary chaos. It is Lord Stanhope's speech at the dinner of the Literary Fund, when he deplored the present isolation of men of letters from each other, the absence among them of class-combination and concert, and when he indicated the desirability of organizing out of them an English body more or less resembling the French Academy.

The Guild of Literature and Art was founded in or about 1851, more than twelve years ago. Its founders were prominent authors and artists; Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton was and is its President, with Mr. Charles Dickens for Vice-President. Its members were to consist of persons following Literature or the Fine Arts as a profession, and mere membership was to be easily attainable. When the needful funds had been raised, the Guild was to be organized in quasi-collegiate fashion. There was to be a Warden, with a house and a salary of 200*l.* a year, presiding over two classes of recipients of the bounty of the Guild. One class was to consist of "members for life," elected by the Council from the ordinary members; they were to be persons who had achieved some distinction in Literature or Art, and each was to receive an annuity of 200*l.* without a house, or of 170*l.* with it. The other class, also elected by the

Council, was to consist of "Associates,"—men rather of literary or artistic promise than of distinction or note; each of these was to receive an annuity of 100*l.*, for life, or for a term of years, according to circumstances. As a condition attendant on the receipt of his annuity, each Life Member was to deliver annually three Lectures at Mechanics' Institutions in town and country; the Associates, again, were to employ a portion of their time "in gratuitous assistance to any "learned bodies, societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge, &c., or, as "funds increase, and the utilities of the "Institution develop themselves, in co-operating towards works of national "interest and importance, but on subjects "of a nature more popular, and at a "price more accessible, than those which "usually emanate from professed "Academies."¹ Such was the original scheme of the Guild of Literature and Art.

Now, let us suppose that the needful funds had been collected for carrying out, on a scale of tolerable magnitude, this well-meant project. What, in that case, would have been the new, important, fruitful, principle in the scheme, distinguishing it from all others in operation, and claiming for it the sympathy and support of the public? Certainly not that involved in the granting of annuities to authors and artists of some distinction; for, out of funds provided by Parliament, the State, through the Pension-fund, already grants such annuities to such persons. I am speaking of the principle merely, as one already recognised and acted on by the State. I do not mean to say that every author and artist of merit who both needs and deserves a pension, receives one; but simply, that in granting pensions, the Government does so befriend such per-

¹ Prospectus of the Guild of Literature and Art. 1851.

sons, and that there was, therefore, nothing novel in this part of the scheme of the Guild of Literature and Art, which simply proposed to do, with its own machinery and funds, what the State already attempted to do through the Government of the day, by the application of a parliamentary grant. The striking and original item in the project of the Guild of Literature and Art, was its proposal to pension the more promising of younger authors and artists, and to require from them in return, useful and honourable labour, with pen or pencil, on "works of national interest and importance." This, and this alone, removed the aid to be given by the Guild from the category to which belongs the eleemosynary bounty of the Pension Fund, and of the Royal Literary Fund. It thus became to them, in some measure, what a system of reproductive employment is to the operatives of the New Poor Law. In return for slender, but acceptable pecuniary assistance, the juniors of Literature and Art were to perform profitable and worthy tasks, prescribed to them by their more experienced seniors; and here, at last, it might be fondly hoped, was a kind of Organization of Literature.

Alas, it is precisely this and its kindred items which make no appearance in the remodelled programme of the Guild of Literature and Art! The Guild received its charter of incorporation in 1854; and after nine years of a delay, caused, it is said, by some legal difficulty or obstruction, its matured scheme of operations, to be executed at early convenience, was shaped and published a few months ago. The warden has disappeared, and with him the old classification of members and associates. We see and hear nothing now of lectures to be delivered at mechanics' institutions, nothing of "gratuitous aid to learned societies," nothing of "co-operation in the production of works of national interest or importance." In the remodelled programme, under the rubric of "Objects," there are two paragraphs which thus define the present aims of the Association:—"The Guild shall, in

"the first instance, confine its operations to the foundation and endowment of an institution to be called the 'Guild Institution.'" And then:—"The Guild shall grant annuities, to which professional members of either sex, and the widows of professional members, shall be eligible. It will also erect a limited number of free residences, on land to be presented for this purpose by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, and which will be occupied by members elected on this foundation. The several annuitants shall be elected by the Council," &c. &c. This is all. The members of the Guild are now in number fifty. After twelve years or so its funds amount to £3,694, of which £3,334 were "received for copyright and performance of Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton's play of 'Not so Bad as we Seem.'" When the free residences have been built, and a few slender annuities awarded, what is there to make the public or men of letters zealously promote the further working of the scheme? Duly recognising the disinterestedness and kindly motives of its founders, one may predict, with something very like certainty, that the world is not destined to hear much more of the Guild of Literature and Art.

I turn now to Lord Stanhope's proposal for the formation of an English Academy or Institute, somewhat resembling the famous *Académie Française*. Lord Stanhope is entitled to a hearing, were it only as a man of letters, who has done good service to his untitled order. Recently the parliamentary originator of the National Portrait Gallery, it was he who conducted, years ago, through the House of Commons the Literary Copyright Act, on which the relations between authors and publishers are still based. His career has been one of considerable official as well as of continuous literary labour. He is a man of business, and not merely a man of letters; no young enthusiast, but an experienced legislator, he is not likely to make a practical suggestion without having weighed all difficulties of execution and detail. There needs no demon-

stration of the truth of his assertion respecting the unorganized state of literature and its cultivators in England. The fact is patent to all the world. But what, it may be asked, could be gained by the foundation in England of an Academy, or Institute, resembling the *Académie Française*? It will be partly answering the question to give some account of the constitution and functions of the French Academy. First, however, a few words on the composition of the French Institute, of which the French Academy forms but a single section.

Five smaller bodies, with very different aims and occupations, make up the French Institute, to belong to which is considered a high honour by men of letters and science throughout Europe. These five bodies are (1) the *Académie Française*, (2) the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, (3) the *Académie des Sciences*, (4) the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, (5) the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. The oldest of them, the *Académie Française*, was founded by the great Cardinal Richelieu, with the special function of watching over the condition of the French language, in consonance with which trust the well-known Dictionary of the Academy has been produced by it. The *Académie des Inscriptions* deals with archæology and philology. Students of Gibbon may remember how frequently its *Mémoires*—"Transactions," as we should say—are cited in the notes of the "Decline and Fall." The *Académie des Beaux Arts*, of course, devotes itself to the fine arts; the *Académie des Sciences* to the physical sciences; the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* to ethics, philosophy, and politics, but, above all, to that wide department of things which in this country we call Social Science. Each of these five bodies has a special organization of its own, governs itself, and is perfectly independent of its neighbours. Together, however, they compose the Institute, and a member of any one of them is a member of the Institute, which also in its collective capacity has a constitution and office-

bearers. They have all of them analogues in England. If an attempt were made to realize what is understood to have been at one time a project of the late Prince Consort, namely to collect the accredited "Societies" of London under one roof, and, while leaving each its independence, to organize them into one body, for the purposes of general utility, the five bodies which compose the French Institute would thus find analogues in England:—The Royal Society would be the analogue of the *Académie des Sciences*; the Royal Academy, of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*; the Society of Antiquaries, of the *Académie des Inscriptions*; the modern Social Science Association, of the also modern *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*; and, with a slight stretch of imagination, the Royal Society of Literature might pass for the analogue of the *Académie Française*—the French Academy itself.

Analogy, however, is one thing; identity, another. These five English Societies and those five French Academies may be analogous, but they lack anything like identity of constitution. The English Societies are composed of members paying subscriptions, and, virtually, not limited as to number. I suppose that any person of respectable position and attainments, with fair social connexions, may become a member of any of the learned societies of London, if he is prepared to pay the needful entrance fee and subscription. It is not so with the French Academies. The number of members in the case of each of them is strictly limited, and no new member is elected but to fill up a vacancy caused by death. The expenses of the French Academies are not defrayed by the subscriptions of the members, but by the State, which, while leaving them complete self-government, adopts them as National Institutions. Instead of making an annual payment, every member of the Institute receives an annual salary of 1,500 francs, which marks his connexion with the State, but is not large enough to make him feel himself dependent on its bounty.

Generally, I believe, the French budget contains an allocation of a sum of money to be devoted to medals and other prizes placed at the disposal of the Institute, or to defray the expenses of such of its members as are sent on scientific and literary missions by the Government. Possessing, from the incontestable eminence and high character of their members, the confidence of the nation, the Institute and the Academies which compose it have acquired large corporate funds, the result of the bequests and donations of private individuals, and applied to the specific purposes named by the testators and donors. Of these, more hereafter. Suffice it for the present to say that the funds thus acquired by the Academies which make up the Institute yielded in 1848 an annual revenue, now doubtless much increased, of upwards 130,000 francs, say 52,000*l*.¹ Even in England this would be no inconsiderable sum to be devoted yearly to prizes for literary merit and scientific achievement.

To indicate more clearly the difference between the London "Societies" and the French Academies of the Institute, let me compare the constitution and functions, the *status* and condition of the *Académie Française* with those of what I have called its English analogue, the Royal Society of Literature. This Society was founded, in the words of its own prospectus, "to promote literature in its most important branches, with a special attention to the improvement of the English language," and it was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1825. His Majesty George IV. gave it annually, out of his private purse, the sum of eleven hundred guineas. A thousand of these were to be divided among Associates "of approved learning;" the remaining hundred went to purchase two gold medals, presentable to the authors of new and distinguished works—Hallam and Washington Irving were, I think, the last, or about the last recipients of them. The Royal Society of Literature, says a

sympathetic chronicler of its cause,² "has the merit of rescuing the last years of Coleridge's life from complete dependence on a friend, and of placing the learned Dr. Jamieson above the wants and necessities of a man fast sinking to the grave." But unfortunately the sympathetic chronicler is obliged to add:—"The annual grant of 1,100 guineas was discontinued by William IV., and the Society has since sunk into a Transaction Society, with a small but increasing library." Let me add, however, that even in its decadence, it contributed to a useful result. The liberality of some of its members enabled Mr. Thomas Wright to produce and to publish two volumes, comprehending the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods, of his learned and accurate *Biographia Britannica Literaria*. But that useful enterprise has gone no further. The Royal Society of Literature "has sunk into a Transaction Society." It publishes an occasional volume of Transactions, containing papers on all sorts of subjects, from Hellenic inscriptions to the breed of Merino sheep. That is all it does. The world knows little and hears nothing of it.

Contrast this state of things with that presented by the French Academy. It consists of forty members only. Any vacancy which death causes in its ranks is filled up by a careful vote of the survivors. The honour of belonging to it is coveted by the highest in the land—if report speak truly, by the present Emperor himself. It contains a small proportion of men of rank and dignified ecclesiastics—a Duke de Broglie, a Duke de Noailles, a Bishop of Orleans; but even members of those classes must have done something in authorship. The list of its forty members in 1862 contained the following twenty names:—Villemain, Barante, Lamartine, Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, Victor Hugo, Saint Marc Girardin, Sainte Beuve, Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, Charles de Remusat, Ampère, D. Nisard, Monta-

¹ *Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France*, &c. 1846. (Published by authority.)

² Mr. Peter Cunningham, *Handbook of London* (1850). § Royal Society of Literature.

lembert, S. de Sacy, Legouvé, Ponsard, Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau—the flower of French literature, historical, æsthetic, critical, journalistic. Men like these are entitled to sit in judgment on the literary performances of their juniors and contemporaries, to praise here, and to reward there. This is exactly what the French Academy does. The English public knows it chiefly as a body, admission into which is keenly sought and is accompanied by great glorification of the dead and of the living; each new member on taking his seat bestowing a formal eulogium on his predecessor, and receiving in return an elaborate address of congratulation and praise from some one of his new colleagues. There are, however, other and much more important functions than this discharged by the French Academy. I do not attach so much importance to the two prizes of 2,000 francs (or so) each, which, apparently from funds supplied by the State, are annually awarded by the Academy to the authors of two pieces of prose and verse on subjects named beforehand, the competition being open to all comers,—I attach more to the result of the Academy's vigilant inspection of the current literature of France, with the view of distinguishing those published works in which a high or pure ethical element is directly or indirectly prominent. Once a year, at the great annual meeting of the Academy in May, an elaborate report is read by its perpetual Secretary. This document contains, among other things, the names and characteristics of some of the works recently published most remarkable for their ethical tone or moral usefulness. Money-prizes or medals, varying in amount and value (generally from 2,000 to 3,000 francs each) are awarded to the authors, and their works are said to be "crowned" by the Academy—itself an honourable and welcome distinction in a country singularly jealous of social inequalities, but enthusiastically cognizant of the gradations of proved intellectual ability. The deficiencies, oversights, and caprices of newspaper and

periodical criticism are to some extent compensated for and corrected by the elaborate examination to which the Academy subjects the literature of the day, and many a worthy book of an obscure and modest author has thus attention pointed to its merits. These prizes are defrayed out of the proceeds of a legacy left by the Baron de Monthyon to be devoted to rewarding the works of French authorship "most useful to morals;" and, in the survey made by the Academy before awarding them, it includes all departments of literature. The famous "prize of virtue" was also bequeathed by the Baron de Monthyon (1733—1820), a distinguished member of the *noblesse* of the gown in the pre-revolutionary period, and a munificent benefactor to more than one of the Academies which compose the Institute. The Monthyon prize of virtue, too, is awarded by the French Academy; but, as it is not connected with literature, it does not fall within the scope of my present article. Otherwise is it with the *prix Gobert*, which the Academy likewise awards. This was founded by Baron Gobert (1807—1833), and amounts annually to upwards of 11,000 francs, say 450*l.*; nine-tenths to be given to the author of the best, one-tenth to the author of the second best, work in French History, actually and recently published. In awarding this historical prize, the Academy exerts a certain discretion of its own, and prolongs the principal grant for a series of years to the author of one and the same work, if the non-appearance of any better or greater one seems to authorize such a continuance. It is evident of what assistance a grant like this may be to a historical writer, of limited means, during the composition of some long, elaborate work. The *prix Gobert* was held for many years by Augustine Thierry, one of the founders of the Modern French Historical school. After his death, it was awarded for two years to M. Poirson, the author of a well-known history of Henri Quatre. It has now been held for years, I believe, by Henri Martin, the author of the best

recent history of France—at least the best produced by any French writer not of the Institute, whose members voluntarily debar themselves from competing for such prizes. These, then, are some of its functions discharged by the French Academy, and I may add that no murmur of complaint, or whispered charge of partiality, is ever heard to throw a doubt on the sense or justice of its verdicts and awards.

Had the French Academy been founded in modern times, under a political system of even comparative freedom, in an age full of social problems calling for discussion and solution, very probably it would have been so constituted as to include what now forms a separate section of the Institute—the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. This body, for the discussion of political and ethical questions, more especially those belonging to the large domain of Social Economy, was founded in the time of the First French Republic. It was suppressed by the first Napoleon, in his hatred of ideologists and of the public discussion of matters bearing on the action of the State. After the Revolution of 1830, it was resuscitated by Guizot, when Minister of Public Instruction, and it has since been one of the most quietly useful departments of the Institute. It consists of forty French members, and is divided into five sections. The section of *Philosophie* included in 1862 Cousin, Damiran, Barthélemy, St. Hilaire, and Charles de Remusat;—that of *Morale*, Villenné, Gustave de Beaumont, and Louis Reybaud;—that of *Economie, Politique et Statistique*, Charles Dupin, Passy, Duchâtel, Michel Chevalier, Wolowski, and Léonce de Lavergne;—that of *Histoire Générale et Philosophique*, Guizot, Mignet, Michelet, Thiers, and Amédée Thierry;—Schelling was, Lord Brougham and Leopold Ranke are, among its foreign members. It publishes copious Transactions; and, since its resuscitation, various of its members have been commissioned by itself and by successive governments to investigate, at home and abroad, the con-

ditions of special sections of industrial populations. It was through this Academy that, in earlier years, Blanqui prosecuted his remarkable inquiries into the state of the manufacturing populations of the Continent, and that, in recent years, M. Louis Reybaud (known to English readers chiefly as the author of the amusing *Jerome Paturot*) was stimulated to produce his social monographs on the condition of the operatives employed in the silk and cotton manufactures of France. It is seemingly from the State chiefly that the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* derives the funds to provide for its rather numerous prizes. These are given not so much to the authors of works already published, as in the case of the *Académie Française*, but rather to the successful competitors in the composition of Essays on subjects proposed by the Academy. Dipping casually into the *Comptes Rendus* of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, I find that in one particular year the following were the subjects given out to the competing essayists:—in the section of "Philosophy," (1) a critical examination of the Scholastic Philosophy, (2) an investigation of the influence exercised on the morality of a nation by the progress and the love of material well-being; in the section of "Legislation, Public Law, and Jurisprudence," the Theory and Principles of Life Assurance, its History, and the useful applications of which it is susceptible; in the section of "Political Economy," the Laws that ought to regulate the proportionate relations of note-circulation to a metallic currency, so that the State may enjoy all the advantages of credit without suffering from its abuses; in the section of "General and Philosophical History," to show how the progress of Criminal Justice in the prosecution and punishment of offences against the person and property follow and mark the progress of civilization from the savage state to that of the best governed nations. These are all subjects more or less interesting and impor-

tant; and the elucidation of them is at least as profitable to society as the production of "sensation novels," so abundantly encouraged, without prizes, on both sides of the Channel. The money-value of the prizes awarded to the successful competitors averages 1,500 francs each. Small as is this amount, the adjudicating sections are very critical and not easily pleased. Sometimes, year after year, I observe, the same subject is declared still open to competition, the essays sent in having fallen short of the standard required by the adjudicators. This Academy publishes Transactions of considerable worth, consisting of disquisitions contributed by its eminent members. Its peculiar influence on the intellectual culture of France must be valuable. Should a British Academy ever be founded, certainly it would be well to combine in it the functions of both of these French Academies, the *Académie Française* and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. In a practical country like ours, an Academy which included men of eminence in social, legislative, economical, and political science would have more weight and greater prospects of usefulness than one composed exclusively of poets, novelists, critics, and historians.

But do these French Academies, then, embody in their constitution and functions principles generally applicable, true and valuable in England as in France? Surely yes! There is the principle that in the world of intellect differences of capacity and power of labour exist, and that, when these are proved by their results, the upper and the under should be formally recognised and duly ranked. There is the principle that the young and aspiring deserve reward and encouragement when, through talent and toil, they have achieved success, and that none are so well fitted as the more wise and more experienced of their own order to reward and to encourage. The literary and socio-economical criticism of the periodical and newspaper press does much; but, from the very nature of

the case, it must be hurried, or perfunctory, or limited. It would be something to have, in one Academy in England, as France has in these two Academies, the men of the highest proved and realized intellect collected, and formed into a conspicuous, honourable, and honoured body—after the heat of the battle and a victorious struggle, taking their seats in a House of Peers of their own. It would be something to have them, as in France, judging, rewarding, encouraging, guiding, their younger or less experienced brethren, when these did not disdain to be so subordinated. The proud and self-sufficing might hold aloof, while the modest, yet aspiring would profit alike by encouragement and by discouragement. If it were thought desirable to copy the prize-systems of France, the small funds needful would not long be wanting, were the body once extant to which they could be safely entrusted. The wealthiest and most generous of nations has not less than France its Monthyons and Goberts, but it has no Institute to receive, to accumulate, and to apply their thoughtful bounty. Once let there exist a British Institute, comprising the most eminent men, as do the two French Academies which have been sketched—and with a guarantee in its constitution that only the distinguished—all the rest will follow. There are even important national objects which such an Institute might subserve and which would make a wise premier thankful for its existence and advice. It would be a body which he might consult in the disposal, for instance, of the Pension Fund; and its counsel would preserve him from becoming the official patron of a Poet Close. The time must arrive, too, when our purely party-antagonisms—now fast dying—will be dead, buried, and forgotten. Then governments will be able, as well as willing, to prosecute, with concentrated energy the work of internal reform—social, legal, educational. Then will be undertaken extensive inquiries into the state of our population at home

and throughout our vast empire, and into what can be learned from or suggested by foreign nations. For such a task, men of trained intelligence and the gift of clear and vivid expression will be needed; and it may be that to a National Institute an English government will turn to supply them, just as successive French governments have so applied to the French Institute, and more particularly to the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*. Even as it is, compare a report by Mr. Tremenhare—brief, lucid, suggestive, conclusive—on a mining district or a baking trade with an average blue-book—*rudis indigestaque moles*—entombing the thousands upon thousands of questions and answers produced by a select committee of the House of Commons and the cloud of witnesses which it examines—the useful and the useless jumbled together in inextricable confusion, and yielding frequently no result of any kind—for how often is the committee's report rendered colourless and neutral by the disagreement of its members? Tell me in what parliamentary or official document or statement—and there have been very many tons of them printed—the relations between Europeans and natives in our Indian empire have received as much light and been made as clearly and generally intelligible as in the few letters which Mr. Wingrove Cook despatched from Bengal when returning home from his newspaper-mission to China, or in the communications with which a "Competition Wallah" at once entertains and instructs the readers of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Such possible results, however, of the existence of a National Institute, recognized and honoured by the State, perhaps belong to a rather distant future. Perhaps, too, even although the suggestion of it comes from Lord Stanhope, a British Institute will not be founded until after many years. Yet even now, and without the creation of any new body, the claims of eminent men of letters could be partly recognised by entrusting them with useful, honourable, and dignified functions, which

might in time develop into a government and direction of their distinguished juniors. Some years ago an Edinburgh Reviewer, discussing the subject of an Order of Merit, for the reward and recognition of men eminent in literature and science, made the following remarks, which, from one point of view, have a certain truth and pertinence:—"An order created solely," he said, "for men of science and letters, as has been more than once suggested, would wholly fail in its object. There is no reason why they should be separated from others who deserve well of their country. On the contrary, it is to amalgamate them with their fellow-citizens in honours as in labours that we desire, and to suffer them to rank (when their reputation so entitles them) with whomsoever be the other claimants to social consideration. There is not a city knight who would not jest at an order consisting only of authors, to whose united rent-roll he would prefer even half-a-dozen railway debentures. If any practical honours ever be accorded to authors, philosophers, or artists, agreeably to the usual principles of our aristocratic monarchy, we fear, strange though it may appear to say, that they must be honours shared with dukes and earls, ambassadors and generals."¹ Now, there is one body, fulfilling all the requirements of the Edinburgh Reviewer, and to which eminent men of letters have belonged, do belong, and are entitled to belong in much more considerable numbers than at present. I mean the Board of so-called Trustees which governs our great national institution, the British Museum.

The British Museum is supported wholly by the British nation, and the British Parliament possesses the right, rarely exercised hitherto, of supreme control over its affairs. The grant of money annually voted by Parliament for the support of the Museum, amounts to 100,000*l.*; 10,000*l.* seems to be the amount of the ordinary annual grant for

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, lviii. 220 (July, 1848 Art. Goldsmith).

the department of printed books alone. The Parliamentary grant and the whole affairs of the Museum are administered by the Board of Trustees, at present fifty in number, and in which there are four constituent elements. One section of them is hereditary, and consists of what are called "Family Trustees," representing the families of personages who have made magnificent bequests of collections of various kinds to the Museum. These are the Sloane, Cotton, Harley, Townley, Elgin, and Knight families. The Family Trustees are nine in number, and among them is the present Earl of Derby. One trustee, called the Royal Trustee, is appointed by the Sovereign, in recognition of George IV.'s gift of the Royal Library to the Museum and the nation. Then there are twenty-five Trustees who are members of the Board, *ex officio*. These, called Official Trustees, include the chief dignitaries of the State and Church, from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the First Lord of the Treasury to the Solicitor-General, while with them are associated the Presidents of the Royal Society, the College of Physicians, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Academy. We have now thirty-five out of the fifty Trustees. The remaining fifteen are called Elected Trustees, and are chosen by the thirty-five. The elected trustees are trustees for life, and, with one important exception, share all the rights and privileges of their colleagues. This important exception is that, when a vacancy occurs in their own number, they have no voice or vote in filling it up. The choice of a new elected Trustee is made by the thirty-five without the intervention of the Trustees already elected.

In the existence of a body of Elected Trustees, we seem to have a provision for the recognition of some of the claims of men eminent in literature, archaeology, and science. The honour of a seat at the Board is one which they would share, as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* expressed it, "with dukes and earls, ambassadors and generals." Eminent men of letters, moreover, are precisely the persons best fitted to superintend the

management of a vast library of books and manuscripts, kept up and augmented chiefly for the sake of the very class to which they belong: as elected trustees they would be called on to perform, with advantage to the public, functions pleasant to themselves. Accordingly, the elective trusteeship of the British Museum has been termed "the Blue Riband of Literature," and as such it was bestowed on Hallam and on Macaulay. Let us note, however, the collective results of a system which throws the choice of the fifteen Elected Trustees exclusively into the hands of the nine Family Trustees, of the Royal Trustee, and of the thirty-five Official Trustees. You have seen that out of the forty members of the French Academy, in 1862, at least twenty—one-half of the whole—were among the most eminent men of letters in France. Here is the list of the Elected Trustees of the British Museum as it stood at the beginning of 1863:—The Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir David Dundas, Sir Philip Egerton, the Duke of Somerset, *Sir Roderick Murchison*, *Dean Milman*, Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Sir G. C. Lewis, Mr. Walpole, Lord Eversley, *Mr. Grote*, Lord Taunton, the Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Thomas Phillips. In this list, the claims of literature and science are represented by one-fifth of the body—Sir Roderick Murchison, Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote. It may be said that Sir G. C. Lewis was an author, and that Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone are authors, of more or less note. But when it is observed that with them are associated, as Elected Trustees, officials and ex-officials—the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Taunton, Lord Eversley, Mr. Walpole—who have no such pretensions, one is led to surmise that they would have been elected Trustees had Mr. Gladstone never written on Homer, Earl Russell on the History of Europe in the eighteenth century, or the late Sir G. C. Lewis on the Credibility of Early Roman History. The hardship is that official personages like the Duke of Somerset, Earl Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, are at this moment trustees in virtue of their

respective offices, and that by sitting as Elected Trustees they simply displace men intellectually eminent, but without high political position. To such an extent has this accumulation of the same honours on the same head been carried, that from the evidence given before the Royal Commission, appointed in 1850 to inquire into the management of the Museum, the late Lord Aberdeen, it appears, was once a Trustee in a three-fold capacity. He was a Trustee as Secretary of State, a Trustee as President of the Society of Antiquaries, and he was also an Elected Trustee! It is worth noting that Her Majesty has set the electing Trustees of the Museum an example which they might lay to heart. Until recently, the solitary Royal Trustee had always been one of the highest personages in the kingdom, generally a member of the Royal Family. The royal trusteeship was held by the late Duke of Cambridge at his death in 1850. Lately, however, it has been conferred by the Crown on Dr. Cureton, who is, at least, an eminent Syriac scholar, and who, having been formerly an officer of the Museum, has a practical acquaintance with the details of the establishment which he is called upon to co-operate in governing.

The Royal Commission of 1850 saw the injustice and the evils of the present system, and recommended a sweeping change in the government of the Museum. According to the scheme of the Commission, the government of the Museum was to be entrusted to an Executive Council, consisting of a chairman and six members. The Trustees were to elect from their own body four members of the Board of Government; the Crown was to appoint the chairman, with the two remaining members of the Board—one of them to be distinguished for his literary attainments, the other for his attainments in natural history. No action has been taken upon this Report, and the constitution and government of the Museum remain in 1863 much the same as they were in 1850. The leaders of the two great political parties in the State have been adroitly

conciliated and gained over by being chosen Elected Trustees,¹ and no organic change will be proposed by them. It is to the House of Commons that we must look for a reform: and, strange to say, in the matter of the National Collections, literary, artistic, and scientific, the House of Commons has more than once of late years shown a singular independence, and refused to follow the advice of its accredited party-leaders. It has rejected by large majorities the proposal, supported by the leaders of parties on both sides of the House, to break up the Museum and scatter its collections. It remains for the House of Commons to make amends for the inertia displayed by successive Governments, whether Liberal or Conservative, in carrying into effect neither the spirit nor the letter of the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1850. The House of Commons could easily pass a resolution recommending that all vacancies among the Elected Trustees should be filled up from men eminent in literature, scholarship, archaeology, and science, and that the Elected Trustees should themselves have a voice in the election of their colleagues. As the whole constitution of the Museum depends on the will of the House of Commons, which votes the funds for its support, such a resolution, though merely recommendatory, would, doubtless, have the force of a command. Parliamentary and public opinion steadily operating, we should in course of time have in the Elected Trustees of the British Museum a British Institute, comprehending the intellectual notabilities of the country, possessing the confidence of the nation, appealing successfully for funds to Parliaments and Governments, and worthy to be appointed the executors of the British Monthyons and Goberts. They would find the objects of the Institution which they governed capable of being expanded and varied. Presiding over the State Paper and the Record Offices, the Master of the Rolls has developed enterprises wider than the customary calen-

¹ Mr. Disraeli has been lately elected a trustee.

daring and cataloguing, useful and indispensable as they are. We owe to him, among other benefits conferred, the publication, at an expense insignificant to the country, of the series of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages"; important contributions, which could or would never have been made by private publishing enterprise, to the political, ecclesiastical, social—nay, to the intellectual and scientific history of mediæval England, for the series includes a careful edition of the works of Roger Bacon. Men of originality and intelligence, of experience and energy, placed at the head, or in the headship, of the Museum, with that vast library of books and manuscripts under their care, might soon find the example of the Master of the Rolls worthy of imitation, and Government as ready in their case as in his to give the needful preliminary aid. What "Materials for English History" of the post-mediæval ages lie buried in the manuscript masses of the Museum that might be made to yield new gold to skilful "prospectors" wisely directed and suitably equipped! As regards the reproduction of books, take but a single

instance. If the student wishes to consult a collection of the memoirs, illustrating the history of the great civil war of the seventeenth century, and edited with even a glimmer of modern light, he must betake himself to the twenty-six volumes of the French translation of them, which Guizot published forty years ago! Such a collection, edited by competent Englishmen, would not only be a boon to the student, but would enrich the historic literature of the country, and claim the aid of a parliamentary grant surely not less strongly than the chronicles of mediæval England. Many are the enterprises of this kind, from which the ordinary publisher naturally holds aloof, that would reward the encouragement of the State, and, if well-managed—wisdom above directing intelligent industry below—would entail but slight, if any, pecuniary loss in the long run. Thus a reform in the government of the Museum might be the precursor of an important step towards the solution of the hard problem with which this article started—the organization of literature itself.

SIT DOWN IN THE LOWEST ROOM.

LIKE flowers sequestered from the sun
And wind of summer, day by day
I dwindled paler, whilst my hair
Showed the first tinge of grey.

"Oh what is life, that we should live?
Or what is death, that we must die?
A bursting bubble is our life:
I also, what am I?"

"What is your grief? now tell me,
sweet,
That I may grieve," my sister said;
And stayed a white embroidering
hand
And raised a golden head:

Her tresses showed a richer mass,
Her eyes looked softer than my own,

Her figure had a statelier height,
Her voice a tenderer tone.

"Some must be second and not first;
All cannot be the first of all:
Is not this, too, but vanity?
I stumble like to fall.

"So yesterday I read the acts
Of Hector and each clangorous king
With wrathful great Æacides:—
Old Homer leaves a sting."

The comely face looked up again,
The deft hand lingered on the
thread:

"Sweet, tell me what is Homer's sting,
Old Homer's sting?" she said.

"He stirs my sluggish pulse like wine,
He melts me like the wind of spice,
Strong as strong Ajax' red right hand,
And grand like Juno's eyes.

"I cannot melt the sons of men,
I cannot fire and tempest-toss :—
Besides, those days were golden days,
Whilst these are days of dross."

She laughed a feminine low laugh,
Yet did not stay her dexterous hand :
"Now tell me of those days," she said,
"When time ran golden sand."

"Then men were men of might and
right,
Sheer might, at least, and weighty
swords ;
Then men, in open blood and fire,
Bore witness to their words,

"Crest-rearing kings with whistling
spears ;
But if these shivered in the shock
They wrenched up hundred-rooted
trees,
Or hurled the effacing rock.

"Then hand to hand, then foot to foot,
Stern to the death-grip grappling
then,
Who ever thought of gunpowder
Amongst these men of men ?

"They knew whose hand struck home
the death,
They knew who broke but would
not bend,
Could venerate an equal foe
And scorn a laggard friend.

"Calm in the utmost stress of doom,
Devout toward adverse powers
above,
They hated with intenser hate
And loved with fuller love.

"Then heavenly beauty could allay
As heavenly beauty stirred the
strife :
By them a slave was worshipped more
Than is by us a wife."

She laughed again, my sister laughed,
Made answer o'er the laboured
cloth :

"I rather would be one of us
Than wife, or slave, or both."

"Oh better then be slave or wife
Than fritter now blank life away :
Then night had holiness of night,
And day was sacred day.

"The princess laboured at her loom,
Mistress and handmaiden alike ;
Beneath their needles grew the field
With warriors armed to strike ;

"Or, look again, dim Dian's face
Gleamed perfect through the at-
tendant night ;
Were such not better than those holes
Amid that waste of white ?

"A shame it is, our aimless life :
I rather from my heart would feed
From silver dish in gilded stall
With wheat and wine the steed—

"The faithful steed that bore my lord
In safety through the hostile land,
The faithful steed that arched his
neck
To fondle with my hand."

Her needle erred ; a moment's pause,
A moment's patience, all was well.
Then she : "But just suppose the
horse,
Suppose the rider fell ?

"Then captive in an alien house,
Hungering on exile's bitter bread,—
They happy, they who won the lot
Of sacrifice," she said.

Speaking she faltered, while her look
Showed forth her passion like a glass :
With hand suspended, kindling eye,
Flushed cheek, how fair she was !

"Ah well, be those the days of dross ;
This, if you will, the age of gold :
Yet had those days a spark of warmth,
While these are somewhat cold—

"Are somewhat mean and cold and
slow,
Are stunted from heroic growth :
We gain but little when we prove
The worthlessness of both."

- "But life is in our hands," she said :
 "In our own hands for gain or loss :
 Shall not the Sevenfold Sacred Fire
 Suffice to purge our dross ?
- "Too short a century of dreams,
 One day of work sufficient length :
 Why should not you, why should
 not I
 Attain heroic strength ?
- "Our life is given us as a blank ;
 Ourselves must make it blest or
 curst :
 Who dooms me I shall only be
 The second, not the first ?
- "Learn from old Homer, if you will,
 Such wisdom as his Books have
 said :
 In one the acts of Ajax shine,
 In one of Diomed.
- "Honoured all heroes whose high
 deeds
 Thro' life till death enlarge their
 span :
 Only Achilles in his rage
 And sloth is less than man."
- "Achilles only less than man ?
 He less than man who, half a god,
 Discomfited all Greece with rest,
 Cowed Ilion with a nod ?
- "He offered vengeance, lifelong grief
 To one dear ghost, uncounted price :
 Beasts, Trojans, adverse gods, himself,
 Heaped up the sacrifice.
- "Self-immolated to his friend,
 Shrined in world's wonder, Homer's
 page,
 Is this the man, the less than men,
 Of this degenerate age ?
- "Gross from his acorns, tusky boar
 Does memorable acts like his ;
 So for her snared offended young
 Bleeds the swart lioness."
- But here she paused ; our eyes had
 met,
 And I was whitening with the jeer ;
 She rose : "I went too far," she said ;
 Spoke low : "Forgive me, dear.
- "To me our days seem pleasant days,
 Our home a haven of pure content ;
 Forgive me if I said too much,
 So much more than I meant.
- "Homer, tho' greater than his gods,
 With rough-hewn virtues was suf-
 ficed
 And rough-hewn men : but what are
 such
 To us who learn of Christ ?
- The much-moved pathos of her voice,
 Her almost tearful eyes, her cheek
 Grown pale, confessed the strength of
 love
 Which only made her speak :
- For mild she was, of few soft words,
 Most gentle, easy to be led,
 Content to listen when I spoke
 And reverence what I said ;
- I elder sister by six years ;
 Not half so glad, or wise, or good :
 Her words rebuked my secret self
 And shamed me where I stood.
- She never guessed her words reproved
 A silent envy nursed within,
 A selfish, souring discontent
 Pride-born, the devil's sin.
- I smiled, half bitter, half in jest :
 "The wisest man of all the wise
 Left for his summary of life
 'Vanity of vanities.'
- "Beneath the sun there's nothing new :
 Men flow, men ebb, mankind flows
 on :
 If I am wearied of my life,
 Why so was Solomon.
- "Vanity of vanities he preached
 Of all he found, of all he sought :
 Vanity of vanities, the gist
 Of all the words he taught.
- "This in the wisdom of the world,
 In Homer's page, in all, we find :
 As the sea is not filled, so yearns
 Man's universal mind.
- "This Homer felt, who gave his men
 With glory but a transient state :
 His very Jove could not reverse
 Irrevocable fate.

"Uncertain all their lot save this—

Who wins must lose, who lives
must die :

All trodden out into the dark
Alike, all vanity."

She scarcely answered when I paused,
But rather to herself said : "One
Is here," low-voiced and loving, "Yea,
Greater than Solomon."

So both were silent, she and I :

She laid her work aside, and went
Into the garden-walks, like spring,
All gracious with content,

A little graver than her wont,
Because her words had fretted me ;
Not warbling quite her merriest tune
Bird-like from tree to tree.

I chose a book to read and dream :

Yet all the while with furtive eyes
Marked how she made her choice of
flowers

Intuitively wise,

And ranged them with instinctive
taste

Which all my books had failed to
teach ;

Fresh rose herself, and daintier
Than blossom of the peach.

By birthright higher than myself,
Tho' nestling of the self-same nest :
No fault of hers, no fault of mine,
But stubborn to digest.

I watched her, till my book unmarked
Slid noiseless to the velvet floor ;
Till all the opulent summer-world
Looked poorer than before.

Just then her busy fingers ceased,
Her fluttered colour went and came ;
I knew whose step was on the walk,
Whose voice would name her
name.

* * * *

Well, twenty years have passed since
then :

My sister now, a stately wife
Still fair, looks back in peace and sees
The longer half of life—

The longer half of prosperous life,
With little grief, or fear, or fret :
She loved, and, loving long ago,
Is loved and loving yet.

A husband honourable, brave,
Is her main wealth in all the world :
And next to him one like herself,
One daughter golden-curbed ;

Fair image of her own fair youth,
As beautiful and as serene,
With almost such another love
As her own love has been.

Yet, tho' of world-wide charity,
And in her home most tender dove,
Her treasure and her heart are stored
In the home-land of love :

She thrives, God's blessed husbandry ;
She like a vine is full of fruit ;
Her passion-flower climbs up toward
heaven

Tho' earth still binds its root.

I sit and watch my sister's face :
How little altered since the hours
When she, a kind, light-hearted girl,
Gathered her garden flowers ;

Her song just mellowed by regret
For having teased me with her talk ;
Then all-forgetful as she heard
One step upon the walk.

While I ? I sat alone and watched
My lot in life, to live alone,
In mine own world of interests,
Much felt but little shown.

Not to be first : how hard to learn
That lifelong lesson of the past ;
Line graven on line and stroke on
stroke ;

But, thank God, learned at last.

So now in patience I possess
My soul year after tedious year,
Content to take the lowest place,
The place assigned me here.

Yetsometimes, when I feel my strength
Most weak, and life most burden-
some,

I lift mine eyes up to the hills
From whence my help shall
come :

Yea, sometimes still I lift my heart
To the Archangelic trumpet-burst,
When all deep secrets shall be shown,
And many last be first.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE LAW AND THE CHURCH.

BY A LAY CHURCHMAN.

THE great case of the "Essays and Reviews" has at last reached its termination, and no matter of equal importance has been decided by an English court of justice for a great length of years. The charges against Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson were scotched before Dr. Lushington; they have been fairly killed by the Committee of Council, and, notwithstanding the tone taken by the greater part of the public press, the gravity of this step cannot be overrated.

The tone which it is fashionable to take upon the subject—the tone of the *Times*, which in this instance is oddly enough at one with the *Record* and the *Guardian*—is, that the defendants escaped "by the skin of their teeth,"—an expression, by the way, which is also to be found in the observations of that important organ, the *Morning Post*—that they have won a merely legal victory, that the significant abstinence of the Court from expressing any opinion on the merits of the "Essays and Reviews," and the dissent of the two Archbishops from the judgment on the subject of the Scriptures give the moral victory to the prosecutors; that, in short, a verdict of not proven has been returned, and that the defendants ought to make a good use of their escape by taking care not to repeat their offence. In short, the general tone of the press is, "Not guilty, but do it not again." The writer in the *Times*, indeed, goes a little further than this. He tells us that the fact remains that the defendants have established their right to criticise the Bible freely, but this is rather by the way. The prominent part of the article is the rebuke to the prisoners who have had such a fortunate escape, and the exhortation to them not to presume upon their good luck for the future. All this may be soothing and satisfactory to people who, above all things, hate to have cherished

convictions disturbed, and who, whatever may be their own faith, have no belief at all that the great bulk of mankind will ever have their creed based on reasonable conviction. It is the natural language of those who are orthodox from idleness, or who affect orthodoxy because they are hopelessly sceptical.

To people who really believe that there is any truth in religion at all, and that that truth is to be discovered in the same way as truth on other subjects, namely, by free and patient inquiry, the judgments in question will bear altogether a different aspect. In the first place they will observe, that the tone of lecture and grave rebuke which is adopted towards the defendants is altogether out of place. If there had been any question of fact in the case, if the defendants had been acquitted because there was a difficulty in proving publication, or because there might be a doubt as to the precise meaning of their expressions (and this, no doubt, was the case as to one of the charges, and especially as to one of the defendants, Dr. Williams), there might have been some propriety in the language used, but with respect to the really important part of the charges it is simply childish to speak in this way. Mr. Wilson clearly dissented from the widely spread belief that every word in the Bible is true in fact and sound in morals. He spoke of "the dark crust of human error" which surrounded the "bright centre of spiritual truth." He also expressly denied his belief in the eternity of future punishments, in the common meaning of the word eternal. The question before the Court was whether or not this was legal—in both cases the Court held broadly that it was. The material part of the judgment is comprised in a very few lines, but they are lines which form the Magna Charta of honest inquiry in

the Church. "The question is, whether 'in them' (*i. e.* the 6th and 20th of the Thirty-nine Articles, the Ordination Service, and the Nicene Creed) 'the Church has affirmed that 'every part 'of every book of Scripture was written 'under the inspiration of the Holy 'Spirit and is the word of God?'"

"Certainly this doctrine is not involved in the statement of the 5th Article, that Holy Scripture containeth 'all things necessary to salvation. But 'inasmuch as it doth so' (*i. e.* inasmuch as Holy Scripture does contain all things necessary to salvation) 'from the revelations of the Holy Spirit, the Bible 'may well be denominated 'Holy,' and 'said to be 'the Word of God,' 'God's 'Word written,' or 'Holy Writ,' terms 'which cannot be affirmed to be clearly 'predicated of every statement and representation contained in every part 'of the Old and New Testament.

"The framers of the Articles have not 'used the word inspiration as applied 'to the Holy Scriptures, nor have they 'laid down anything as to the nature, 'extent, or limits, of that operation of 'the Holy Spirit."

This is the net result of the whole controversy relating to the Bible. It has established beyond the possibility of doubt that, as far as legal penalties go, the clergy are fully at liberty to criticise every part of the Bible, and to inquire into not merely the truth of, but the morality of any part which may to them appear doubtful. The legality of what have often been stigmatized as rationalistic views of the Bible is now legally established. The right of clergymen holding these views to a place in the Church of England stands on the same footing as the right of the opponents and maintainers of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The judgment on the "Essays and Reviews" completes the work which was begun by the judgment on Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter.

It is easy enough for the *Times* and other journals to depreciate the importance of such an event. Radically sceptical minds may feel a pleasure in asking whether anybody will care to

follow out such speculations as those of the "Essays and Reviews," or of Dr. Colenso, after the excitement of doing an illegal act has been removed; but the cynical and *blasé* view of the matter is in reality absurdly shallow. It springs from ignorance or forgetfulness of the fact that the religious faculties form a part of human nature, and one of its most important and most deeply-seated parts; that these faculties never can, or will, or ought, to be satisfied until they have been brought into harmony with the other faculties, and especially with those of the intellect; and that this cannot be until it has been ascertained by the application of appropriate methods what is the truth respecting the object of these faculties, or what, if truth is not obtainable, is the most probable view. Depreciate the seven Essayists, still this fact remains, and will remain, that the bulk of the people of England have always been accustomed to believe that the Bible is all equally true; that these writers have attracted their attention to arguments of the most pointed kind, but not generally known to ordinary people till very lately, to prove that this is a vulgar error; that the public are anxious and uneasy on the subject, and are rapidly becoming more anxious and more uneasy, and that that anxiety and uneasiness will not and cannot and ought not to be set at rest until the whole truth is fairly stated, and the matter discussed to the very bottom.

To those who care to be honest and consistent in their own eyes; to those who have to educate children, and to take the responsibility of putting the Bible into their hands, with instructions as to its character; to those who feel that there is a vital connexion between morality and theology, and that a false theology cannot lead to a true morality; to those who attach deep importance to prayer, public and private, and cannot bear to go before their God with a lie in their mouths; to every one, in a word, to whom religion is a matter of solid and awful importance—and of such persons the great bulk of the

nation is composed—it is, and ought to be, an awful and even a horrible thing to love darkness rather than light, to turn away from truth because it disturbs cherished convictions, and to disown obligations to those who, in fact, have been their teachers, by the paltry assertion that all that was to be said on the subject was known to others long before, or by the false assertion that they knew it themselves. The bulk of the English nation will say to this contemptuous minority, “If you really knew all this, which we very much doubt, the more shame to you for never telling us. It is new to us, if it is old to you; and, however you may make light of the importance of truth, or of the possibility of attaining it, we feel that we must know how these matters stand, if our religion is to be of any practical use at all.”

To persons of this mind the judgment of the Privy Council ought to be a great relief. The plain common sense of the matter, which has also been declared by the highest authority to be the law, is, that at the time when the Articles were settled these questions had not arisen, and were therefore not decided by those who framed the Articles. If they had framed an Article on the question *in their then state of knowledge*, no doubt they would have affirmed the truth of the whole Bible equally. Probably with our lights they would have done no such thing, at all events; most happily for every one who cares either for truth or for the maintenance of the Church of England, they did nothing of the kind. The legal effects of this are now decided, but the public at large will say with reason, We look more to the moral than to the legal aspect of the case; and is a clergyman morally justified in criticising, with this degree of freedom, what has hitherto been held to be beyond the reach of criticism, and what all the principal dignitaries of the Church still view in that light?

The answer is, that not only is he morally justified in doing so, but he is under the strongest moral obligation to do so, according to his lights and oppor-

tunities. No one who has anything like a competent acquaintance with the history and tenets of the Church of England can fail to know that great difference of opinion has been tolerated amongst the clergy ever since its first establishment. Lutherans and Calvinists; men who differed from Rome principally on points of Church government; men who differed from Socinians only by a line not very easily traceable; Hooker and Cartwright; Laud, Chillingworth, and Baxter; Beveridge and Tillotson; Samuel Clarke, Hoadly, Waterland, Middleton, and Warburton; Venn, Wesley, Herbert Marsh, and Horsley; Dr. Pusey, Dr. Stanley, and Dr. McNeile, are, or have been, ministers of the Church of England. It is not unfrequently said that these and other eminent divines differed only on secondary points, and that in essentials they were agreed; but this is a complete delusion. They agreed in the practical inference that the form of worship in the Common Prayer-book was one which ought to be used, and each would probably have said in general terms that he believed in a certain set of doctrines; but, when they came to explain their views, and state more particularly the sense which they attached to the doctrines, it would be found that each man had an entirely different view of his own, and that the systems formed by putting together their different opinions differed in important particulars, and still more in the proportion between the parts and in the general effect and result of the whole.

Can any two systems relating to the same subject-matter differ more widely than the Calvinistic and semi-Romanist doctrines? They differ in their views of God, in their views of man, and in their views of the relation between God and man; and these three subjects make up collectively the whole of religion. So, too, the creed of such men as Bishop Tillotson, Warburton, and Paley (who differed widely amongst themselves), differs irreconcilably both from the High Church and the Low Church theology. In short, the phraseology and the doc-

trine of the Church of England—and the same might be said of the Church of Rome—is wide enough to cover fundamental differences. Human nature is too strong for dogmas. So long as there are many men, there will be many minds, in theology as well as in everything else. It is the great merit of the Church of England, that for a great length of time it has been in the habit of doing openly what all ecclesiastical bodies have been obliged to do, and what most of them have done secretly. It has avowedly allowed great differences of opinion amongst the clergy; but, if this is so, what conscientious obligation lies upon any clergyman to adopt the opinions of any other clergyman or set of clergymen? Would any one, a few years ago, have cared to know whether Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson agreed or differed with Dr. Longley and Dr. Thompson, and what difference is made in the intrinsic value of the men, by the fact that the Prime Minister appointed the two last-named doctors to be Archbishops of Canterbury and York? No one is specially troubled at the difference between the Archbishops and the Bishop of London, and it is highly probable, if that is a matter of any importance, that, if the Archbishops were separately cross-examined as to their own private opinions on the Bible, and as to their reasons for holding them, they would be found to differ widely from each other.

What, then, is the conscientious obligation of a clergyman who has no formularies to guide him, no general consent of eminent divines, and who is not in any way bound to respect or share in the opinions of any contemporary authority whatever? Any one who faces the question candidly will be obliged to own that it is absolutely impossible to discover any other test than that of legality. A clergyman no doubt is bound to teach the doctrines which he has promised to teach. At any rate he is bound not to contradict them; but what has he promised to teach or not to contradict? The Thirty-

nine Articles. And who is to say what they mean? In the last resort the Queen in Council, for it must never be forgotten that the supremacy of the Crown in all causes, civil and ecclesiastical—that is, in the present case, the supremacy of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—is itself one of the Articles of the Church of England. It is in this sense perfectly true, as Mr. Wilson said—and the Bishop of St. David's has since said the same thing—that the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation. The phrase may sound harsh, and to inaccurate observers it no doubt has a harsh appearance. It sounds as if those who used it meant to say that they cared nothing for the moral character of their conduct, that they paid no attention to the degree in which they might deviate from the standard which they were bound in honour and conscience to maintain, that they feared nothing but legal punishment, and would submit to no compulsion less rough than that of an ecclesiastical court and the legal process at its disposal. In fact, the phrase in question seems by many persons to have been understood as if those who used it had said, "No doubt, in honour and conscience, I owe you 20*l.*; but, as you have no memorandum in writing to satisfy the Statute of Frauds, I will not pay, and you cannot make me; 'the legal obligation is the measure of the moral one.'"

This is an entire misapprehension. The meaning of the phrase in question is, that it is impossible to specify any set of opinions which a clergyman is under any obligation whatever to hold, except those contained in the Thirty-nine Articles—a document which, as every one knows, is in many parts incomplete. To what, then, is he bound, as to the ambiguous and incomplete parts of this document? He is bound to that which the highest authority (declared by the document itself to be the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) shall decide to be the meaning. As to matters which the document so interpreted does not decide,

he is in the position of an independent inquirer into truth, and is under a moral obligation to discover and uphold it by every means in his power. It is in this sense that the legal measures the moral obligation. This often happens in private life, and in matters unconnected with theology. A family finds that a distant relation has left a large property amongst them by a will, of which the meaning is altogether obscure, and which was obviously made in ignorance or forgetfulness of the state of the family, and of the chronology of the births and deaths of its members. What would the most united and affectionate family do under the circumstances, if they wished to act with the most perfect regard to honour and morality? Would they not say, "No one of us has more claim to this property, apart from the will, than any other, and, honestly, we do not know what the will means. Let us take the opinion of eminent lawyers, or, if necessary, of the Court of Chancery, as to the legal effect of the will, and be bound by the result; 'the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation.' " The moral obligation imposed on a clergyman with respect to his belief arises from his subscription, from his individual promise, and the exact meaning of this can be decided only by a court of law.

If this view is the true one, it hardly admits of a doubt that the judgment is a great happiness for every honest member of the Church of England. Let any one consider for a moment what would have been the result of an opposite decision. Suppose it had been decided that the clergy were to be excluded from all *bonâ fide* criticism of the Bible; that they were not to be allowed to say this or that statement is not accurate; this or that book has usually been assigned to a wrong author, or to a different period from that at which in fact it was written. Such a decision, of course, would have been a great triumph for the stricter classes of the clergy. They would have been able to say, with perfect truth, to the liberal party in the Church, "You may be right, or you may be wrong, but honest pro-

fessors of your real opinions you are not, and cannot be, so long as you retain your preferment." This most formidable of all weapons is now taken out of their hands, and, if the clergy are but true to themselves, they have the power of discussing, as it never has yet been discussed, at least in this country, with perfect freedom, and in the calmest and most deliberate way, one of the most interesting questions that ever engaged human attention—the question, namely, What is the Bible really? This, of course, will lead by degrees to a free and full re-examination of much of our existing theology, and, it may be hoped without any extreme rashness, to its settlement on a sound basis. That this will have to be done some time is as clear as the sun at noonday; that it had better be done by friendly hands in the Church than by rough and unfriendly critics outside of it, must be obvious to every one who can in the least degree appreciate the difference between reform and revolution.

The conduct of those who are most bitterly opposed to the recent decisions affords an instructive and conclusive proof of the fact, that they agree with the general principle that the question is, after all, a legal one; and that, like it or like it not, room cannot be denied to those who have now established their right to a standing-ground in the Church. If the archbishops who dissented from the judgment of the Privy Council, and the bishops who joined in condemning the "Essays and Reviews," had been able to go further, if they had firmly believed in any coherent system of their own, based on grounds which challenged inquiry and would command the assent of the reasonable and devout, their course would have been clear. They would have said, The law has decided against us. We bow to its decision, but we will use that freedom which is open to us as to all other English subjects. We will throw off from the Church that which makes it appear to sanction what we know, and can prove, to be damnable errors, destructive of the souls of those who

entertain them. We will lay down our mitres, we will resign our palaces, our incomes, and our seats in the House of Lords; we will set up the pure and true doctrine of the Church independently of all State trammels, and leave the Judicial Committee to rule over willing and degraded slaves. They do not say this, or anything like it. As yet we have heard nothing of secession, and why not?¹ Is it because of an ignoble preference of place, power, and money over truth and the Gospel? To answer yes would be, to the last degree, unjust and untrue. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the accomplished and pious men who hold the high offices of the Church are mercenary or incapable of making sacrifices in a good cause. They have, in

¹ See however a letter from Dr. Pusey to the Editor of the *Record* (Feb. 19, 1864), which looks in the direction indicated.

a high degree, the honourable qualities of Christians and gentlemen. Many of them have given strong proofs of disinterested zeal in all good and charitable causes. The late Bishop of London gave away what might have constituted a princely fortune for his family. The late Bishop of Durham, who was attacked with the most vindictive acrimony for giving a living to his son-in-law, died poor. No man in his senses could charge the Bishop of Oxford with caring for money; nor has any one a right to suppose that the members of the Bench would shrink from any duty which conscience distinctly imposed upon them. What, then, does their acquiescence prove? It proves that they have no strong convictions on the points settled by the Privy Council, no clear, plain system of doctrine on which they can appeal to the country against the law as now established.

MEMORANDUM ON A "STORY OF THE GREAT MUTINY."¹

COMMUNICATED BY MAJOR-GENERAL VINCENT EYRE, C.B.,
LATE ROYAL ARTILLERY (BENGAL).

It is to be regretted that the able and entertaining writer of the above "story" should not have been content to accept the plain, unvarnished tale of the "Relief of Arrah" as originally delivered in official despatches published at the time, and the truth of which has never been impugned, but has wandered into the uncertain regions of romance in quest of "telling incidents" wherewith to season a pleasant dish for the public palate, not, perhaps, duly considering the injurious tendency of these dangerous embellishments, as far as they are calculated to affect the soldierly reputations of the principal actors.

That he must be acquitted of any *malus animus* against anybody concerned is sufficiently evident from the pervading tone of the writer's graphic sketches of

men and things in India generally, which betoken the generous, high-minded English gentleman, whose main object it is to inspire a kindly interest for the land of his adoption in the minds of his countrymen at home.

It is, therefore, in no unfriendly spirit that I feel myself imperatively called upon, at the earliest practicable moment after my return from India, to correct the statement made in the following extract, descriptive of the crisis of the struggle between Major Eyre's small band of British soldiers and the formidable host of mutineers and rebels who opposed their progress to the relief of Arrah, on the 2nd of August, 1857.

The "Competition Wallah" writes thus:—"Our troops began to be disheartened, and to be painfully aware of the overwhelming odds against which they were contending. It was

¹ See *Macmillan's Magazine*, for September, pp. 351, 352.

"trying work receiving twenty bullets for every one they fired. At such a moment the man of sterling stuff feels that things cannot go well unless he personally exerts himself to the utmost. It is this state of mind that wins football matches, and boat-races, and battles. A young officer, by name Hastings, not relishing the idea of standing still to be shot down, ran forward, sword in hand, towards the point where the enemy stood thickest, with a dozen volunteers, and twice as many soldiers at his heels. This appeared to the sepoys a most unaccountable proceeding, but they were ignorant of the great military truth, that when two hostile parties find themselves on the same ground, one or the other must leave it; and, as Hastings and his companions kept coming nearer and nearer, with the expression on their faces which the Sahibs always wear when they don't intend to turn back, they had no choice but to run for it. That charge saved Arrah. When once the natives have given way it is almost impossible to bring them again to the scratch. Coer Sing retreated, leaving on the ground six hundred of his followers, most of whom had been killed in the attack upon the battery, and our poor little force, which he had expected to devour, gathered together the wounded, limbered up the guns, and with lightened hearts pressed forward on the mission of deliverance."

The reader of this story must naturally wonder what Captain L'Estrange and the other officers of the 5th Fusiliers were about, when a young stranger thus assumed the command of their men and led them to the charge in this abrupt and disorderly manner, and why Major Eyre did not place *himself* at the head of the force at so critical a moment?

Now, it is curiously illustrative of the obstinate vitality of error, that Captain Hastings, the hero of the above pleasantly-told tale, and who was the officiating staff-officer of the Force, actually took the trouble to address a letter to one of the leading Calcutta

papers, wherein he publicly and emphatically *denied* having acted, on the above occasion, otherwise than in *strict obedience to the orders of his immediate superior*, viz. Major Eyre, whose personal presence, it must be remembered, was, at that critical moment, absolutely indispensable *with the guns*, there being no other artillery officer in the field. The great object of the enemy throughout the action had been to gain possession of these guns, and twice had the sepoys charged most desperately almost to their very muzzles, but had been driven back with great slaughter. Our ammunition was, however, falling alarmingly short, and it was necessary jealously to husband every round until the proper moment arrived for delivering fire with effect. In the excitement of action, nothing is more difficult than to restrain gunners from wasting their ammunition in mere random shots. Had these guns been taken, we were all doomed men, and all hope of relieving the Arrah garrison was for ever gone. Hence it was that Major Eyre, though commanding the whole party, felt that his own proper post was, just then, with his guns; feeling as he did every confidence in the ability of his second in command, Captain L'Estrange of the 5th Fusiliers (than whom a braver or better officer never existed), to carry out his wishes with regard to the infantry portion of the force, consisting simply of 160 men (first-rate marksmen all) of his own admirable regiment, distributed in skirmishing order along a front of 300 yards.

Now, Captain L'Estrange's* operations being partially concealed by trees and by the nature of the ground, Major Eyre was obliged to employ his staff-officer, Captain Hastings, who was well mounted, to maintain communication with the second in command during the action. At the critical period alluded to by a "Competition Wallah," Hastings had galloped across the field with a message from L'Estrange, to the effect that he feared his men could not much longer retain their present ground, and requesting fresh instructions how to

act in such case. Major Eyre's reply to this was an order to *collect his men forthwith in line, and charge the enemy*, while he himself would support the movement with a brisk cannonade. At this very moment the two guns on the left flank were themselves in imminent peril from a line of sharpshooters, who had gradually crept up under cover of the rough ground and thick bushes, and within a radius of eighty yards were deliberately aiming at the gunners, while a fresh column of sepoys stood ready to rush forward to another attack. Therefore not a moment was to be lost. What took place is *accurately* recorded in the despatch penned by Captain L'Estrange on the following morning. He writes:—

"Our line was then about 300 yards in length, and the enemy came pouring down on us in large numbers. At this time we were in imminent danger, when Major Eyre ordered us to charge the enemy. The movement was perfectly successful, and, our line advancing at the charge, the mutineers fled from the woods, from whence emerging, Major Eyre opened on them with grape, and the enemy cleared off in all directions."

Major Eyre's own account of the matter, as communicated to Government, ran as follows:—

"Finding at length that the enemy grew emboldened by the superiority of their numbers and the advantage of their position, I determined on trying the effect of a general charge of infantry, and sent the Hon. E. P. Hastings to Captain L'Estrange, with orders to that effect. Promptly and gallantly he obeyed the order," &c.

With regard to the personal bearing exhibited by Captain Hastings, in carrying out the orders he had received, it is unnecessary to add a word to the very cordial recognition of his bravery, already rendered by Major Eyre in his public despatch. But Hastings himself would have been the very last to sanction the version of the affair now given by the "Competition Wallah," after a lapse of six years, whereby an invidious attempt is made to exalt that

officer's reputation at the expense of his responsible superiors. It may be safely asserted that Captains L'Estrange and Scott, of the 5th Fusiliers, were quite capable of leading their own men at such a crisis; yet no mention is made of those officers in the "Story." Like most fictions, however, this one seems to have been founded on a basis of fact. Mixed up with our fortunes on this occasion were about a dozen British volunteers, chiefly railway officials and merchants, who had, from generous and patriotic motives, accompanied the force from Buxar, and who looked to Hastings (himself a volunteer from the same locality) as their natural chief. In galloping along the line to transmit the order to L'Estrange, it is undoubtedly true that Hastings waved his sword and shouted to the volunteers and skirmishers to prepare for a charge, and nothing could be more natural than that one of them, in writing to his friends in Calcutta, should make Hastings his prominent hero. But Hastings was far too thorough-bred a soldier and gentleman to accept the well-meant, though dubious compliment, and lost not a moment in stating the exact truth in the most public and unmistakable manner.

It would seem as though the "Competition Wallah" had, in the course of his travels, come across this old piece of gossip, which savoured too much of romance to be resisted. My sole object in noticing it thus seriously is to prevent what is, in reality, an incomplete and injurious statement from being accepted as reliable material for history. Happily, both Major Scott and Captain Oldfield, of the 5th Fusiliers, still survive, and are now in England, to corroborate, if need be, the facts I have stated. They can also state whether, at the most critical period of the battle, their men were really like a flock of frightened sheep, without a leader of their own, as represented, or whether, on the contrary, the utmost order and calmness had not prevailed among all ranks from first to last of that trying day. Our struggle, be it remembered, had been carried on, at in-

tervals, from daybreak until nearly the dusk of evening, during which we had made good our advance towards Arrah several miles, in the face of all opposition. Our band consisted of 160 of H. M. 5th Fusileers, 13 volunteers, and 36 gunners with three field guns; while opposed to us were an armed multitude having three of the best fighting regiments in the native army for their nucleus. It was no easy matter to succeed in such an enterprise; yet more easy, perhaps, and certainly far more to a soldier's taste, than battling in the field of literature, as I am now doing, in defence of whatever reputation may have been (I hope not undeservedly) acquired by myself and coadjutors.

It happened, a few days after this battle, that the course of events took the same force, under the same leader, to encounter one of the most formidable chiefs of the mutiny, in his jungle stronghold at Jugdespore, and, in reporting the successful result of our operations, Captain L'Estrange expressed himself as follows:—"Under all the circumstances, a feeling of doubt, if not of apprehension, as to the success

"of our expedition, might have pervaded troops *less* confident than ours were in the judgment, talent, and courage of our leader."

Had the "Competition Wallah's" story been literally true, such a feeling of confidence as that here described could scarcely have existed.

Should these explanations be found inconveniently long, it may be urged in extenuation that, while it requires only a very few words to make an erroneous assertion, it can seldom be refuted effectually without entering into minute details. A soldier's best and often his only wealth is his reputation, which must be beyond suspicion. Probably few military men, with their correct ideas of discipline, will have been misled in this matter; and I hope that those of my friends who deemed some explanation desirable may now be satisfied, and that the general reader will not grudge the space occupied by so stale a topic.

V. E.

ATHENEUM CLUB,
January 8th, 1864.